THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVI.—No. 1373

APRIL 9, 1930

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"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" : *You Can Win a Rover Car!*

the BYSTANDER

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Colours available are:—

Bottle green, navy, nigger and black. All with white spots.

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Price, without cape **75/6**

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Whatever holiday you want this year, Canada offers brilliant sunshine and bracing air; a holiday with all the excitement of "abroad," yet among your own countryfolk and amid some of the world's most beautiful scenery.

Plan now for a holiday tour with the Canadian National Railways, whose trains and hotels are famous for their comfort and cooking. Independent and conducted Tours, occupying 23 days and upwards, at Popular Inclusive Prices from £58, beginning June 27th.

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The Bystander, April 9, 1930

No. 1373. Vol. CVI

The BYSTANDER

DOROTHY SEACOMBE

Cigarini

The clever young actress who is now appearing in the second edition of the "Intimate Revue," aptly named the "2 Intimate Revue," at the Duchess Theatre. An Australian by birth, she came to this country in 1924, and made her first West End appearance in "The Royal Visitor," at His Majesty's. Since then she has played in many musical comedy and pantomime productions in the West End, one of her most recent parts being that of Conchita in "Merry, Merry"

HUMBER

At the head of the wonderful new range of 1930 Humber Cars stand the stately seven-passenger Pullman and Cabriolet de Ville models. They are Humber's crowning achievement in a year of achievements. They bring the luxury of the super-car to a price so moderate as never before was considered possible. Three types of coachwork are offered on this chassis—the Pullman Limousine at £775, the Pullman Landaulette also at £775, and the Cabriolet de Ville, (coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly) *as illustrated,* at £1,095. A particular feature is the patented drop driver's partition, making any of these cars suitable for both chauffeur or owner-driving.

Descriptive catalogue (MY/16) on request.

Other models of the Humber range include:

9/28 h.p.	from £240
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"SNIPE"	from £495

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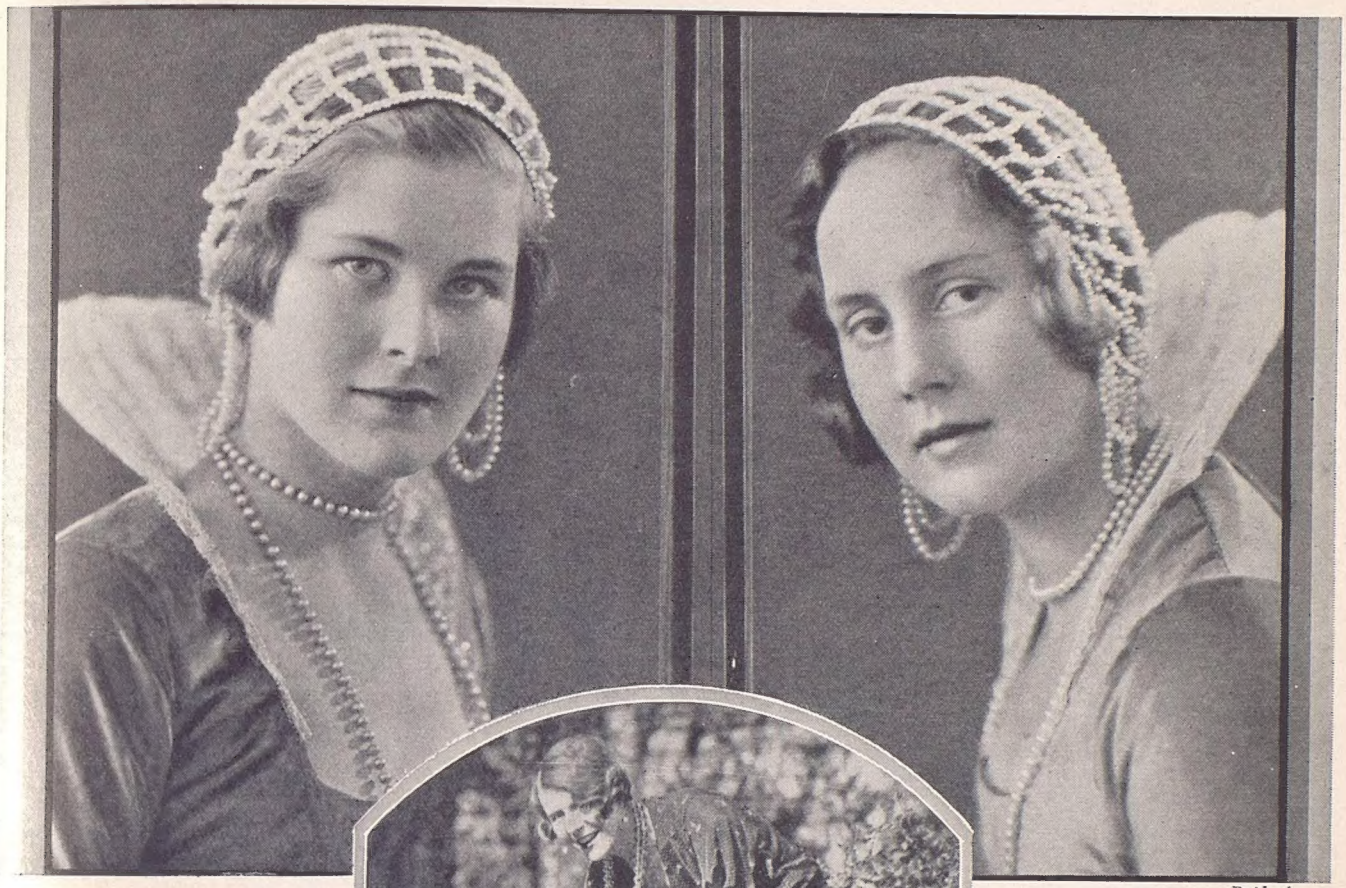
The Passing Hour



Raphael

Miss Beatrice Baker and Miss Mary Hedley as they will appear at the "Looking Glass Ball"—to which people will go as reflections of each other—which is to be held at Grosvenor House on April 28, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Miss Baker was among last year's debutantes and her "opposite number" is the daughter of a well-known Harley Street surgeon, Mr. J. P. Hedley, F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., M.C.

Princess Peter of Montenegro with her favourite Peke. She and the Prince live in a villa at Beaulieu-sur-Mer, and will be visiting London in June for the Season. Prince Peter, who studied to be a doctor at Heidelberg University, intends to visit many English hospitals

EVERY Season is full of suspenses. There is the suspense of the man who does not know whether he will be blackballed for the Yacht Squadron when its members meet augustly at Claridge's. There is the suspense of the man who does not know whether he will go to the Levee. There is the suspense of the men and women who do not know whether they will be seen in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. There is the suspense of the artists who do not know whether their pictures will be hung on the line at Burlington House. There is the suspense of the guests who are anxious to be asked to the balls given at Londonderry House, Bridgewater House, and Norfolk House.

More Suspense

THEN, again, there is the suspense of the people who have applied for tickets for the centre court at Wimbledon. There is the suspense of the people who go to "wild parties," and are not sure whether their names and photographs will appear in the papers. There is the suspense of charity organisers who do not know how many of their beauties will attend the dress rehearsals of the tableaux so carefully arranged.

The suspense of the moment is that felt by debutantes and young married women over the question of their being presented at Court. The lists closed some time ago. But nobody yet knows whether they are fortunate or are not to be included.

New Blends

THERE is little or no suspense in the new cocktails they are making at a new mixed club in Grosvenor Street. You know the worst at once. There is one, called "Call of Spring," which is made chiefly of Calvados, gin, and Maraschino. Imagine! There is another, by the name of Saluki, in which is blended Benedictine, whisky, Curaçoa, and Crême de Menthe. I defy anyone to

PERSONALITIES AT HAWTHORN HILL

Sport and General

Lady Lettice Lygon, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, and her fiancé, Mr. R. Cotterell, seen at the Household Brigade Steeplechases recently held at Hawthorn Hill, near Maidenhead

L.N.A.

Captain Ellison and Miss Hermoine Fisher Rowe at Hawthorn Hill. This meeting, being military, always attracts a large number of spectators, and there were several well-known people among the entries

Topical

Miss Goring (left), Miss Thynne, daughter of Colonel Ulric Thynne and Mrs. Thynne, and Miss Fisher Rowe, also keen racegoers. The meeting was, as usual, a great success

L.N.A.

THE HON. FREDDIE CRIPPS

The well-known sportsman, snapped between the races. We can only hope that his luck helped him to keep up his cheery smile all day

L.N.A.

Mr. Willet (left), Lady Dashwood, Lady Lindsay Hogg, and Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg. These are only a few members of Society, which was well represented on the course

imagine that. Miss Cynthia Hume, who runs the club, says that women are more enterprising in experiments than men. There is nothing more to be said after that.

Those Charity Tickets

THE last has not yet been heard about the little matter of Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill and Lady Mayo and those charity tickets. It was a most unusual case, and, of course, there were undercurrents. The ladies live moderately close to one another. Which does not tend to lessen the local feeling. Yes, it is all very difficult.

A Novel Ball

LOOKING glasses of all shapes, sizes and values will be included in the prizes at the Looking Glass Ball, which takes place on April 28 at Grosvenor House in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A feature of the ball will be the Reflections Competition, in which couples will make-up to resemble each other as closely as possible. Tickets can be obtained from the Ball Secretary, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

John for the Academy

I WAS talking just now about suspense. I do not suppose Lady Queensberry need feel any qualms about any pictures she may send to Burlington House. Many people consider her a finer artist even than Harrington Mann, her father. What should prove a tit-bit at the Private View of the Royal Academy will be the offerings of Mr. Augustus John, who sent nothing last year, and, indeed, has only contributed once in his life, I believe. John works faster than ever. Not long ago someone sent

PLAYTIME IN THE WEST END

him some rather tired flowers, which were thrown higgledy-piggledy over the arm of a chair. It took him half an hour to paint them, and it is said to have cost someone £600 to buy them.

"The Kid"

THE last of the die-hards to refuse to exhibit at the Royal Academy, for which he has little regard, is William Nicholson. Many people consider that he is the only Old Master alive. Certainly his prices are enormous, though money has never been of much importance to the son-in-law of Sir Lionel Phillips. William Nicholson, familiarly known as "The Kid," is the greatest living miniaturist and painter of still-lifes. He once wrote the Lord's Prayer on a space the size of a sixpence.

At the Kit-Cat

GALA nights have gone steadily out of favour during the past five years, but the debut at the Kit-Cat of Jack Powell, the drummer in the new revue at the Pavilion, was made the occasion for a distribution of rattles, paper caps, and those odd rolled-up little horrors which, when blown out, extend to about a yard in length and make a squawking noise. Among the audience were Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, who have a beautiful place near Cowes; Captain Gordon Canning, who is always just back from a trip to the Riffs or the Arabs; Lord Decies, which reminds me that Gertrude Lady Decies fell off an omnibus and hurt herself the other day; and Mr. C. B. Cochran, who watched the new mulatto dancers with the keenest interest. I wonder whether he will introduce them into his show?

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

We have already had one or two successes on the Flat this season, and if the system of backing the horses mentioned in these notes each way until successful be followed we should be able to show a satisfactory profit at the end of the season.

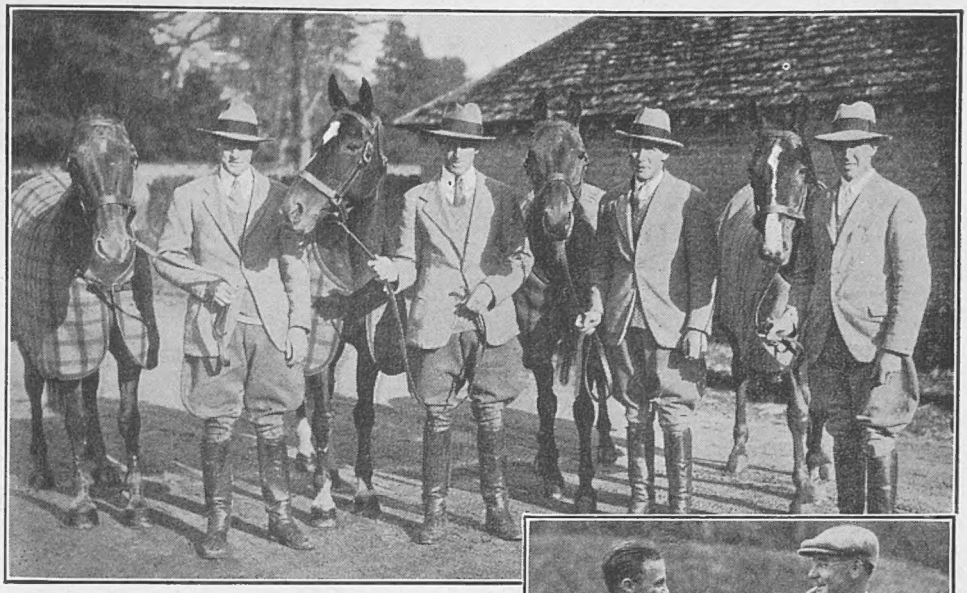
READY RESPONSE. A coup was planned to lift the Brocklesby at Lincoln, and at one period of the race the colt looked like sailing home, but he could not keep up the pace, and finished seventh in a field of 29. Started second favourite at 6 to 1.

OBJECTION was another horse confidently expected by the Newmarket critics to win the Brocklesby Stakes. She occupied third place, being beaten by two very useful two-year-olds in Tourmaline and Vain Batchelor. Have a good each way bet next time she is saddled.

DAME SWINFORD was unlucky at Lincoln, and it may not be long before she atones for that defeat. Started favourite in a field of 24 and finished fourth. Follow up with confidence.

ANN BRIDGET, like everything else in the race, was outpointed by Pippa Passes, but the filly is in excellent trim and should gain an early victory for Frank Hartigan. She was putting in strong work at the finish at Lincoln.

PERGAMENA COLT found one just a little too smart in Backward Glance. Both were soundly supported and should pay to follow. The first-named carried a bundle of money.



Sport and General

POLO PLAYERS FROM "DOWN UNDER"

The polo team from Australia, which will be playing over here this summer, seen at Westonbirt. The team is very much a family affair, for it is made up of four brothers, Messrs. P. S. K., G. H., J. H., and R. R. Ashton, Mr. J. H. Ashton being the captain

Nikitina and Her Brother

NIKITINA was with Mr. Cochran, wearing a bottle-green evening dress and a little yellow hat like that worn by Bo-peep, with a bottle-green ribbon on it. It was impossible to tell whether she had been given this when the other paper caps were handed round, or whether it was specially designed for evening dress by her own milliner.

Nikitina has a brother, I hear, whose name, I believe, is Landau. He is a charming young man, and is now the secretary at La Festa Country Club at Monte Carlo.

At the Boat Race

MANY people who stop away from the Boat Race do so, not because they have no interest in it but because they have no inclination to stand for hours tightly wedged in a seething mass of humanity, or alternatively, to spend a lot of money in the hope of seeing the race in comfort. But, just as there are ways of slipping away from Twickenham by car without getting involved in a ghastly traffic jam, so there are ways of seeing the Boat Race both comfortably and cheaply. The terraced promenade in Duke's Meadows, a little way below Barnes Railway

Mr. T. P. Perkins (right), who won the British Amateur Golf Championship in 1928, being congratulated by his opponent, Mr. P. Miller-Jones, after winning the Bermuda Amateur Golf Championship by 3 and 2. It was played over the Riddell Bay Golf and Country Club course

Photographs Central News and Sport and General

Lady Mary Lygon discussing the card with the Earl of Feversham. They are seen at the Household Brigade Steeplechases, which took place last week at Hawthorn Hill

JOURNALISTIC ARISTOCRACY—

Bridge, for instance, is an ideal place from which to view the race. Furthermore, the Brentford and Chiswick Urban District Council, who admit the public, charge the very reasonable sum of two shillings a head for adults and one shilling for children.

Gala Nights

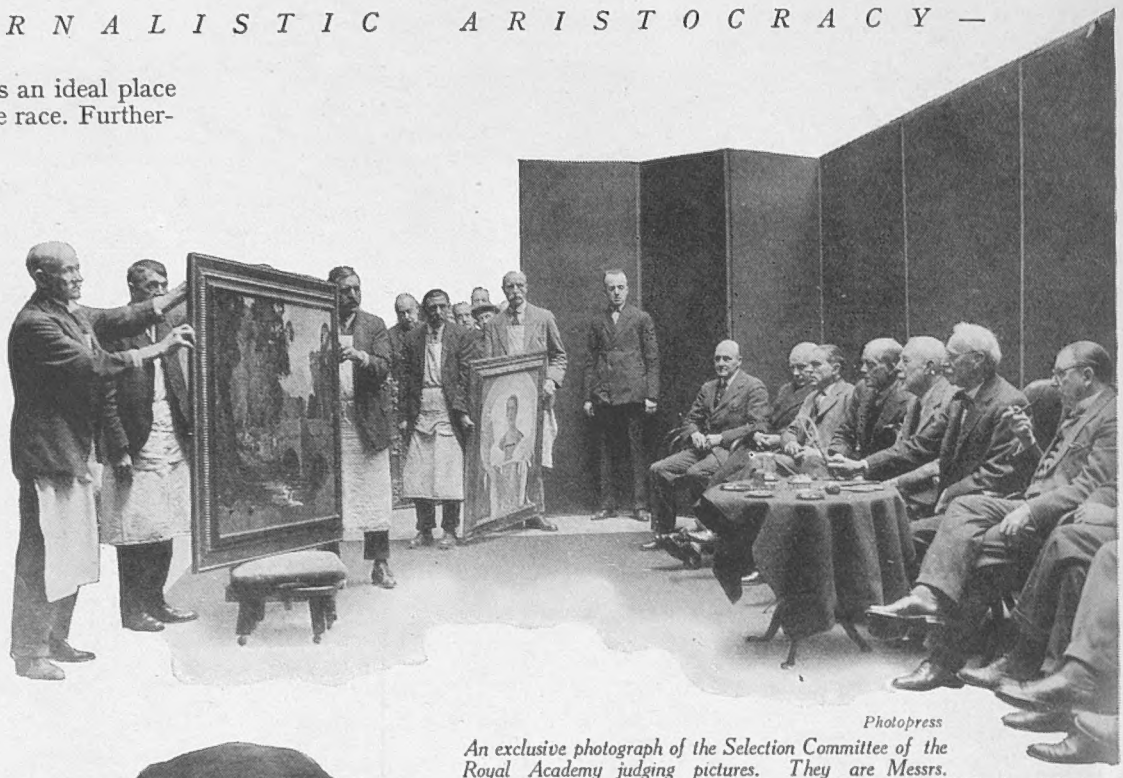
GALA nights vary very much according to the restaurant where they are held. There were those rattles and paper hats at the Kit-Cat. At the Savoy, where there was a gala the other night, it means that there is a larger crowd than ever, and some kind of souvenir, like a baby rocking-horse, is handed round. At the Berkeley, where I went to hear the new orchestra's debut last week, the women were given fans. That was all. But then the Berkeley has a reputation for discretion.

His own Title

ONE of the guests at the Berkeley was Lord Donegall. Really, the number of newspaper columnists with titles, or courtesy titles, is extraordinary. Which reminds me that one youth, anxious to be in the swim, but who is a commoner with the name, let us say, of Snooper, signs his letters just like that—Snooper—for all the world as though he was a noble Lord. I call that rather sweet, don't you?

The Lady at the Show

ON the mantelpiece of every house you visit now there are invitations to see the dress collections of famous houses. One young man I know went to Lanvin's show, when in stalked Lady Cunard. The youth got up and gave her his chair. "Now go and get one for my friend immediately," commanded Lady Cunard, although her benefactor had no more to do with Lanvin's than she had.



Photopress

An exclusive photograph of the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy judging pictures. They are Messrs. W. R. M. Lamb (left), Malcolm Osborne, R.A., L. Campbell Taylor, A.R.A., A. M. Talmage, R.A., Melton Fisher, R.A., Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., and Sir Herbert Hughes-Stanton, R.A. With such a number of celebrities as judges, those whose work is accepted may well flatter themselves at having managed to please such a distinguished company of experts

MRS. ERIC LOVELL

The attractive wife of Mr. Eric Lovell, of Putney, S.W. A keen airwoman, she intends to tour Europe by air this Easter

Prize

NANCY CUNARD, Lady Cunard's daughter, who is as well known at "Les Enfants Terribles" as she is at the Eiffel Tower, is offering a prize of one hundred pounds for the best poem on Time (for or against) that is sent to her at her "Hours" Press in Paris. How you can write a poem for Time or against Time I do not know. I do not even know what it means.

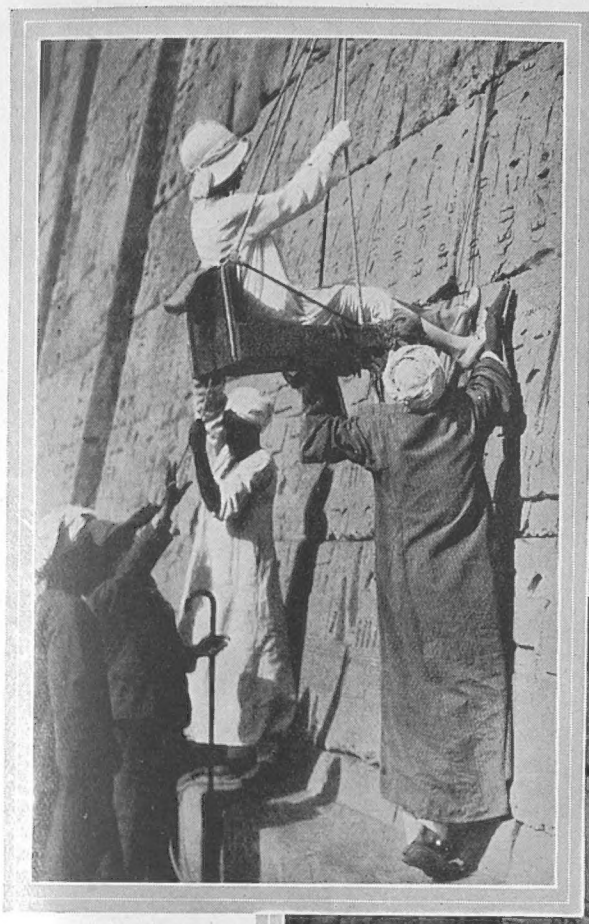
L.N.A.

Lady Cobham receiving a red lacquer coffee-set from Mr. Austin Reed at the opening, by Sir Alan Cobham, of the new Red Lacquer Room at the Regent Street store of Messrs. Austin Reed. Sir Alan is seen on the left, and Colonel the Master of Sempill on the right of the picture

Prince George and Advertising

THAT was an admirable speech on advertising delivered by Prince George the other day to the National Advertising Benevolent Society at the

— AND A ROYAL TOUR



Keystone

The Queen of Belgium being hauled up the side of one of the Pyramids at Luxor in a basket chair. The photograph was taken during the visit of the King and Queen to Egypt

Keystone

Princess Ingrid of Sweden, who celebrated her twentieth birthday on March 25 last. She is a granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught

Connaught Rooms. Prince George will soon be rivalling his eldest brother, both in delivery and personality. "My mind," he said, "sought some symbol, and this came to me when driving down the Mall. Suddenly I noticed a tall building emerge from the darkness into briliant illumination. That building now stood clearly revealed by what I believe is called 'flood-lighting.' That is what you gentlemen seem to me to be engaged upon — flood-lighting the work and services of Man so that each article is better known, better seen, and more keenly desired."

What Dr. Johnson Said

I WONDER which building it could have been? Selfridges, one imagines, would be too far away. There are no shops in the Mall. But, to return to the dinner, Sir Gomer Berry then replied, and spoke of a notice that appeared in 1666 in the *London Gazette*, notifying its readers that it did not propose to insert advertisements unless they they were matters of State. Even fifty years

Central Press

Another photograph of the Queen of Belgium during the tour which followed the State visit of the King and Queen to King Fuad. She is seen at the foot of the huge figure of Rameses II at Luxor

ON THE LINKS WITH "EVE" GOLFERS

later people still thought advertising a dubious business. In 1710 a writer in the *Tatler* said that advertisements were of great use to the vulgar, being "instruments of ambition." But he did not really approve of them, his praise being metaphorically punctuated with faint damns. Dr. Johnson's comment was "Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement."

Stewards' Tips

HAVE you any idea how much money is earned during the year by stewards on the big transatlantic liners? I haven't myself, but someone was telling me recently of a steward on the Mauretania who has one house at Liverpool and another at Southampton. That should furnish some clue to the riddle of stewards' tips.

Gril Parisien

BURY Street, St. James's, is beginning to look like any little thoroughfare in Mont Parnasse, with its electric signs urging people to come inside, whether into Sovrani's at the top, or Quaglino's Restaurant, or his Gril Parisien.

Really, these restaurateurs are amazing people. The restaurant, six months ago, was a yard. The grill room, six weeks ago, was a box-room. Now they are two of the smartest places in London. The opening night of the grill room was as gay as you please. Paul of Greece with his inevitable eyeglass, Lady Hogg with her husband, Lady Seafield with hers, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton with hers. London is indeed dotted with devoted young married couples. Last autumn's crop of weddings at St. Margaret's, Westminster, has been a greater success than some of its predecessors.

Topical

Mrs Miller Potts (left), Mrs. W. G Waugh, Mrs. Dinerman, and Mrs. Sawer during the second round of the "Eve" Northern Foursomes, recently held at Alwoodley, Leeds

Topical

Mrs. O. C. Bristowe (on left), Miss D. Harthill, Mrs. P. C. Lee, and Miss Platts in the "Eve" Golf Competition. The former pair beat their opponents by one hole

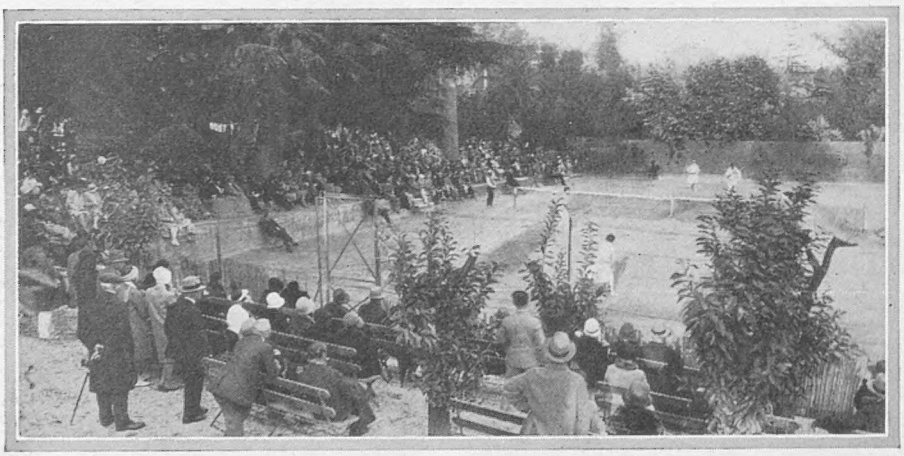
THE "EVE" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES AT ALWOODLEY

Topical

Miss Judith Fowler (left), Mrs. Raymond Cooper, Mrs. H. V. White, and Mrs. Scott Dickinson. Miss Fowler (Harrogate) and Mrs. Cooper (Ringway) won by 5 and 4

Topical

Miss Enid Wilson (Notts) and Miss J. Worsley (Canton), left, with their opponents, Mrs. S Kershaw and Mrs. C. R. Eastwood, whom they beat in the first round



Sport and General

TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA

A panoramic view of the courts at Cannes during the recent Beau-Site tournament. The picture shows W. Tilden and Cilly Aussem (on the far side) and Miss Ryan and her partner, Tanio Ohe, the Japanese star, who were beaten after an exciting match

What it is Like

THE Gril Parisien has a pocket-handkerchief dance floor, and no rules about being in evening dress. No one was in day clothes on the opening night, however. The decorations are coral, and the tiny band has an accordion player. What else can I tell you? Well, there was Inez Holden there too, and six of London's smartest newspaper columnists seeking what they could devour—I mean, of course, in the way of paragraphs. Altogether it was like a scene out of Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies."

THE BOAT RACE CREWS AT WORK

Topical

Miss D. Fisher (left), Miss H. Fisher, Mrs. Lambert, and Mrs. Fitzgerald setting out to play off their third round match in the "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Alwoodley, Leeds

Topical

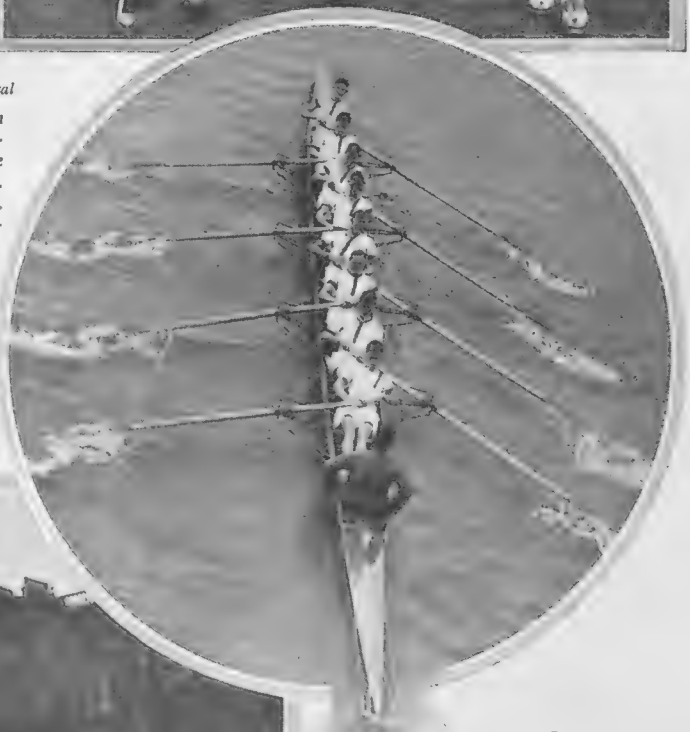
Four more competitors in the recent "Eve" Northern Foursomes. They are Mrs. Clement, Mrs. A. Hartley, Miss G. E. C. Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw

Boxing for Charity

NEXT Wednesday, April 16, will probably see quite a little gore in Kensington, for on the evening of that day the Albert Hall will be the scene of a great amateur boxing tournament in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Centre of the Royal Free Hospital. Among the many well-known people who have been working to ensure the success of the tournament are Commander Louis Greig and the indefatigable Harry Preston, and so well have they laboured that such representative bodies as the three fighting services, the Civil Service, the City of London and Metropolitan Police and the P.L.A. Police, the London Fire Brigade, the Polytechnic Boxing Club and the Belsize Boxing Club will all be represented.

An Unusual Bout

ONE of the most interesting bouts of the evening will be between two boys from the



Sport and General

The Oxford crew shooting Hammersmith Bridge on their second full course trial. Under the conditions which existed, their time of 20 minutes dead was quite good

Central Press

A fine impression of the Cambridge crew to meet Oxford next Saturday, putting in some hard work at practice. There is every prospect of this year's race proving a close one

OUTDOOR DOINGS IN AND OUT OF THE SADDLE

Central News

Lady Wentworth, who is a Baroness in her own right, has registered her colours under the Rules of Racing. She is seen on one of her Arab horses, of which she has a fine stud, several of them will be seen on the Turf in the near future and should give a good account of them selves

Photopress

Miss E. Brook, on Brackley, winning the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts race at the Old Berkeley Point-to-Point Steeplechase. The racing took place at Kimble, near Wendover

Society and Sports Press

Miss Nancy Blackwell, another competitor in the Ladies Adjacent Hunts race at Kimble

Ogbourne and Manton training stables. These two stalwarts will weigh in at 4st., but there can be no doubt that what the lads lack in inches will be more than made up for in gameness. Capt. Frank Mann is presenting a silver cup to the winner, and Lieut.-Commander Eric Welman, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., will provide a silver watch for the loser. Tickets for this really excellent evening range in price from 21s. to 1s. 2d., and may be obtained from the Organising Secretary (Boxing Tournament), 24, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1. Good amateur boxing affords wonderful entertainment, and there can be no question of the ability of those who will be taking part in the tournament at the Albert Hall on the night of Wednesday, April 16.

Barratts

A photograph taken at one of the last meets of the Season, that of the Eridge at Old Buckhurst, Sussex, the residence of Mr. Philip Foster. The photograph shows Miss Barret (left), Mrs. Philip Foster, Miss Cavendish, Colonel Aylwin, Lady Berkeley Paget, Lord Richard Nevill, Mrs. Aylwin, and Mr. Philip Foster

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED—No. 2

NO ENTRANCE FEE
SIMPLE RULES

The 15·7 h.p. Six-cylinder Four-door Saloon Rover Car which is the First Prize

No. 9. A FAMOUS POLITICIAN
(But not American)

No. 12. A POPULAR REVUE STAR
(Now across the Atlantic)

No. 13. A PIANIST OF RENOWN

"THE BYSTANDER" SIMPLE COMPETITION FOR BIG PRIZES.

Can You Identify these Famous People?

FIRST PRIZE: A ROVER 6-cylinder Saloon Car, Value £335
(Pictured Above)

SECOND PRIZE: A Cheque for £50

THIRD PRIZE: A Cheque for £25

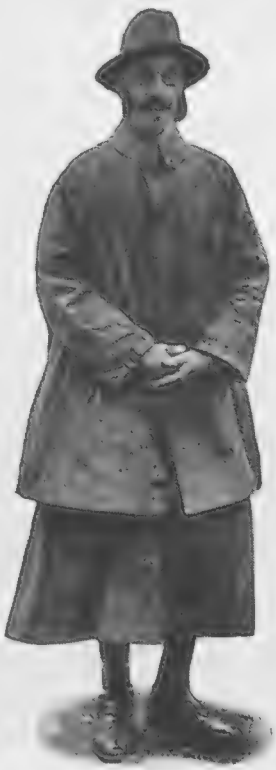
25 Free Subscriptions for One Year to "The Bystander," Value £3 . 3 . 0 each.

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on these pages and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on page xiv. There is no entrance fee and the simplest of rules.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week.

No. 10. A LEADING LADY



No. 11. A RULING MONARCH

YOU CAN ENTER NOW!

The First List of "CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" can be had on application to *The Publisher, Inveresk House, W.C.2.*

PRICE, 3d.

No. 14. A LAWN TENNIS CELEBRITY

THIS IS OUR SECOND LIST — KEEP IT UNTIL THE CLOSING DATE IS ANNOUNCED.

MANY ACTIVITIES

Alfieri

Lady Rosemary Agar and Mr. C. J. D. Jeffreys, whose engagement was recently announced. They are seen at the Hampshire Hunt Point-to-Point at Norton Farm

Lord Aberdare (left) and Mr. H. W. Leatham. They beat Messrs. I. Akers-Douglas and K. A. Wagg in the final of the Amateur Doubles Rackets Championship at Queen's

Sport and General

Photopress

Two stage favourites, Edna Best and Owen Nares, on the Embankment during the filming of a scene from the British talkie "Loose Ends." The "shooting" attracted a large crowd

L.N.A.

Lady Victor Warrender caught by the camera on Grand National day at Aintree

Topical

Spectators at the Cleveland Point-to-Point at Easby, in Yorkshire. They are Mr. Thompson (left), Mrs. Stirling Stuart, the Hon. Mrs. Beattie, and the Hon. Mrs. C. FitzRoy

Keystone

Mr. Cameron (Kim) Cobbold and Lady Hermione Cobbold, whose wedding took place at Knebworth last Thursday. Lady Hermione is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton

EVERYWHERE

L.N.A.

Mrs. L. G. Owen and Señorita Lilli de Alvarez, who played together in the Beau-Site Tournament at Cannes. The Spanish player has been filming in Switzerland

Special Press

The Bishop of St. Albans playing for the Clergy against London Solicitors

Topical

Mrs. Midwood, Mr. W. Midwood, the owner of Shaun Goilin, and T. Cullinan, the winning jockey, at the Grand National banquet at Liverpool

Topical

The Hon. Ismay FitzRoy in the paddock at Aintree

Keystone

Gene Tunney, the famous boxer, seen with his wife at Miami Beach. He has been recuperating in Florida after an operation

Central Press

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, back from their honeymoon. They are seen arriving at Aintree for the Grand National to witness which they entertained a party

Keystone

Three more well-known visitors to the famous course at Aintree. They are Lady Castlerosse, Lady Bridget Parsons, and Miss Guinness

"YOU MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT!" "By Kim"

Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, making his speech at the opening of the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations in the "Locarno" Room of the Foreign Office. Seated next to him is the Egyptian Premier, Mustapha Nahas Pasha

Central News

Wassif Ghali Pasha, the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs (left), and Mustapha Nahas Pasha, Egypt's Prime Minister. They are seen arriving at the Foreign Office for the opening of the Anglo-Egyptian Conference

Sport and General

EXTRAORDINARY that the avowed enemies of the British Empire are always assured of a thorough and sympathetic hearing in all their efforts to disintegrate the British Empire. Gandhi, for instance, is given all the rope he wants as he marches on to the Saltpans of Gujerat for the purpose of defiant and hostile action, and remains still to the Viceroy "Yours very truly"; and now we have over here the Egyptian delegation, headed by Nahas Pasha, whose undisguised aim it is to kick the British Administration neck and crop out of the land of the Pharaohs. Nahas receives the heavy avuncular advances of our Mr. Henderson more as a conquering hero than as representing a subordinate State which owes its prosperity, its redemption from servitude and all else to British protection and support. It is all rather comic, especially as Nahas has been convicted of sedition and was expelled from the country for his former activities.

IT is now understood that Nahas wishes to tear up the draft Treaty offered by the Socialist Government to his political enemy, Mohammed Mahmud, because his primary purpose is to discredit Mahmud. On the other hand, he hopes to wring even further concessions to alleged Egyptian "public opinion" than the military withdrawal and the end of the Capitulations. What more Mr. Henderson may dare to offer remains to be seen, especially with the terrible Mussolini still sore and angry about the way his nationals were treated in Alexandria a short time ago.

AT any rate, the bulk of the more instructed Egyptians intend to use every endeavour to prevent the Treaty being accepted, or, if it should be, to prevent its execution. It must be borne in mind that many of those who clamour for complete independence do not in the least intend to allow the British to give up control if they can help it. It is obvious that, notwithstanding the eagerness of the Socialist Government to secure what they think is a diplomatic triumph at any cost and conclude some sort of treaty with Egypt, little real progress has been made, or is likely to be, and that the Wafd Party is merely bluffing.

THE Egyptians, and even the Wafd Party, led by Nahas, are well aware that the basis of Egyptian prosperity has hitherto depended upon the existence of the Capitulations enabling non-Egyptians to live in an oriental-minded country, and that the Mixed Tribunals are an off-shoot of these very Capitulations they want to abolish. Unless some scheme can be devised which protects the lives and property of foreign subjects and minorities, who are the arteries of its trade, the country must inevitably collapse and revert to chaos.

IT must not be forgotten that for some three thousand years Egypt has been a subject State, and that as far back as the time of the Persians she has suffered foreign domination, whilst a large foreign element has been born and bred in the country. Arabic, for instance, though spoken by the large majority of so-called Egyptians, is still a relatively modern tongue, and there are many who speak only Turkish. The official tongue is French, and the Mixed Tribunals conduct all their trials in that language, which has replaced Italian. Arabic, an exceedingly difficult tongue to read and write, has never been used, and could not be, as the majority of judges, staffs, and litigants do not know it, and yet this is one of the absurd proposals.

THE idea of any written constitution, as visualised in the draft treaty, is absurd in Egypt. Even now "You Member of Parliament" is hurled as an insulting epithet at the politician. Our democratic fetish for the duly "elected" representative prevents all discrimination, and we quietly swallow the fulminations of schoolboys, and place men in Cairo who are out for jobs or bribes, and callously ignore the only genuine Egyptian class, the fellaheen. When shall we learn that in the East it is the voiceless men who really matter? The downtrodden "fellah" in all this still holds a pathetic belief that he is not going to be utterly forsaken by England. . . . But when he does learn that there is no British inspector to stand between him and tyranny and corruption, he will turn and rend the oriental "politicians" who have exploited him.

Then there will be a blaze in the East!

TWO STAGE SUCCESSES OF THE MOMENT

Sasha

ADA May, seen above, is the bright particular star in "C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion. She plays a variety of parts, but her pleasing personality peeps through them all.

On the right is Lilian Davies, whose Polly in Gay's old opera is still remembered with delight, now playing the Queen in the musical comedy, "The Three Musketeers," at Drury Lane, in which her beautiful voice is heard to great advantage

"STARS" AT SPORTING EVENTS

Photographs *Topical*

(Above) A general view of some of the crowd at the Cleveland Point-to-Point Steeplechases, recently held at Easby, in Yorkshire. This is one of the most picturesque courses in the country, being situated at the foot of the Cleveland Hills, which can be seen above in the background

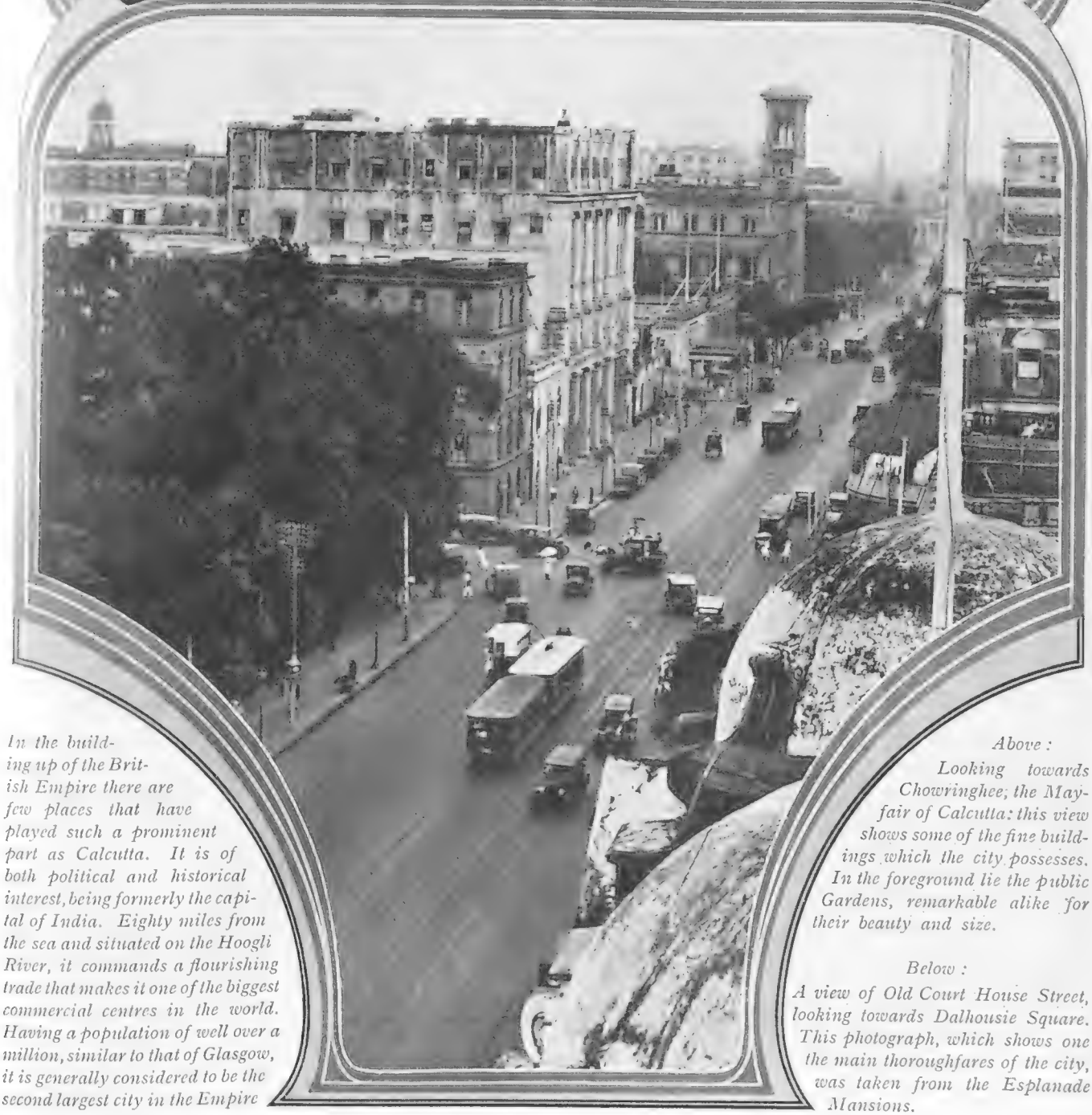
(Right) A group of spectators seen at the Lauderdale Foxhounds and Edinburgh Garrison Command Point-to-Point races held at Upper Blainslee, near Lauder, Berwickshire, watching the finish to one of the races. Judging by the expressions, the finish must have been a close one

Sport and General

The canal barges formed an excellent grandstand at the Grand National. Above are seen a small portion of the tremendous crowd that turned up for the great race at Aintree which produced one of the most exciting finishes that have ever been witnessed

IN these three photographs of sporting events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

OUR EMPIRE SERIES



In the building up of the British Empire there are few places that have played such a prominent part as Calcutta. It is of both political and historical interest, being formerly the capital of India. Eighty miles from the sea and situated on the Hoogli River, it commands a flourishing trade that makes it one of the biggest commercial centres in the world. Having a population of well over a million, similar to that of Glasgow, it is generally considered to be the second largest city in the Empire

Above:
Looking towards Chowringhee, the Mayfair of Calcutta: this view shows some of the fine buildings which the city possesses. In the foreground lie the public Gardens, remarkable alike for their beauty and size.

Below:
A view of Old Court House Street, looking towards Dalhousie Square. This photograph, which shows one the main thoroughfares of the city, was taken from the Esplanade Mansions.

No. 10. HISTORIC CALCUTTA

if . . . gossip

Claude Harris

Fabia Drake and Mary Hoider as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." It is one of the attractions of the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Company which opens the Birthday Festival on April 21

Not even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's bitterest enemies in this country could accuse him of lack of sincerity in the matter of the Naval Conference. Indeed, it is his very sincerity that is liable to lead him to make decisions not in the best interests of the country he represents. Mr. William Randolph Hearst's attack on him as a sly dog is not likely to be treated seriously either over here—where we are becoming rather inured to these wafts of Anglophobia—or among such better circles as exist in the United States. But Mr. Hearst has always been inexplicable. I found him inexplicable at a party some years ago when, in full evening dress, he dived into a swimming bath. He is inexplicable, too, in that, while hating England as much as he obviously does, he goes to great pains and expense to secure a mediæval English castle, St. Donat's, and to leave it where it is. Most American millionaires who buy English houses, whether they be castles or cottages, have them pulled down, put on board ship, and built up again in Dollarville, Mo., or some other arid district. Mr. Hearst's English castle not only "stays put," but is filled solely with English furniture and tapestry, all of fabulous value. Curious that a man should have such sentiment about a land he is never tired of telling us he detests.

Yet, though we can ignore the Hearst attack, it is time we ceased handing out soft soap to America on bended knee. This the Labour Party delights in doing. In fighting its political opponents the *Daily Herald* plunges into seething and scathing verbiage. When a foreign country attacks England in general, and even Labour's own Prime Minister in particular, the "shining horseshoe table" remains placid. Nay, it chooses the opportunity to hand yet another bouquet to the land from which the smack came. "The world needs America," sighs Comrade Stiggins in a leading article the very day after Mr. Hearst had chosen to be about as offensive as possible, "as she needs nobody else." It is this sort of blather that makes America so cock-a-hoop. Does the rest of the world need America so terribly? Paris needs American tourists, London needs Tallulah Bankhead. I need an American dentist (for a brilliant Jew in New York is the only man who ever understood the interior decoration of my mouth), and millions of European half-wits appear to need, or, at any rate, to like, films from Hollywood of every variety of flamboyant indecency. But until comparatively recently the rest of the world managed to get along quite nicely without America, whose participation in affairs generally costs this country about a shilling on the Income Tax.

By Jorgen Myller

He: "I thought red cheeks were a sign of good health"
She: "That's quite right"
He: "Then do you know you are much healthier on one side?"

There are, however, certain business men who have at some time in their lives needed America, and Sir Charles Higham is one of them. He is English, but the long years he spent in the States gave him the pushfulness which is one of his chief assets, for he is an advertising expert, and is perfectly frank about it. This month he celebrates his 21st birthday in his present most useful job. Charlie Higham is the first advertising man to be knighted—that is to say, the first who has been honest enough to describe himself as such and to take fees for it.

we must...

Plenty of self-advertisers have achieved this honour and, like Higham, have become M.P.s. But they have devoted their publicity efforts exclusively to themselves, without putting their expert knowledge at the disposal of other people. Sir Charles is a cheery, optimistic, energetic person with a kind heart which his business brain does not always check, and I very sincerely trust he will go on advertising himself and other people for another twenty-one years at least.

Sir Charles Higham, who celebrated his coming-of-age as an advertising agent on April 2, and concerning whose many activities a note will be found on this page

I SAW in Paris, a few months ago, the French film, "The Queen's Necklace," parts of which—the thrashing of the unfortunate Comtesse de la Motte—are, as I write, not considered suitable for English audiences. I thought the whole thing historically excellent and accurate, and the punishment of the unfortunate Comtesse (who, by the way, died miserably in London, in the Lambeth Road) not likely to shock or horrify anybody. The branding is most discreet, and the whipping is not applied to the portion of the body traditionally assigned for the purpose. The sex and crime and filth films that America sends us do more harm in two minutes; for, indeed, this film could do no harm at all. What struck me as quaint was that a London journal which had emphasised the undesirability of that punishment calmly published a photograph of it to show two million readers how necessary it is to prevent anyone seeing such a scene on any account. We do, indeed, make laughing stocks of ourselves at times! But if the French chuckle overmuch at this we can remind them that they allow women on the Paris stage to wear nothing but a cache-sexe, but consider the presence of a woman in trousers on a lawn tennis court highly improper, and have actually forbidden it.

Raphael

Desirée Ellinger, the bright particular star in "Silver Wings," at the Dominion Theatre, where, although there are no breaches to fill, she fills the breeches charmingly

THE MARVELLOUS DRUMMER

Jack Powell, one of the big successes in "Cochran's 1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion, is also appearing at the Kit-Cat Restaurant for the next three weeks, where with drum-sticks, not provided by the chef, he entertains the guests

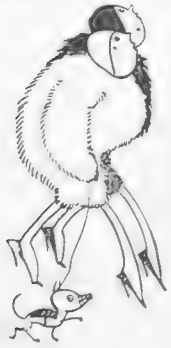
CHARLIE COCHRAN will have, in future, to hold the first nights of his revues in the Albert Hall. The London Pavilion is not large enough

REVUE WRITERS AND THEIR ROYALTIES

Manassé

A camera study of Darmora, the dancer who, after a successful tour on the Continent, is now performing in Cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel

for all who wish to attend these important functions. Those who can get stalls—at two guineas apiece, and it's worth it—have not sufficient room to lounge about and preen themselves during the one and only interval, for this theatre is practically loungeless. Celebrities swarmed on the first night of the latest effort, and as it was, fortunately, a warm night they swarmed, after the first act, on to the pavement of Piccadilly Circus, and almost made up for the absence of Eros. How wise, by the way, is C. B. C. to have no silly speechmaking and handing-up of flowers! I have seen him on the stage as an actor, but never as a speechmaker.



S

How wise, too, to call this revue *Cochran's 1930 Revue*. For it owes its success, if not to Cochran himself, to the side-shows in the form of ballet dancers, trap-drummers, colour-scheme artists, and so forth, he has had the good sense to engage. For Mr. Beverley Nichols, who seems to be a sort of Noel Coward without any battery inside, has been jejune, instead of witty, in his sketches. Which makes me reflect on the extraordinary luck of some people. This is a revue from which the author, who has contributed so little to its success, will draw, I imagine, a considerable amount of money—and good luck to him. Yet another author may work hard at a three-act comedy and write a good one that is yet just not quite good enough to secure a long run, and he will make not one-fiftieth part of the sum which will roll in to the young man responsible for, to give one instance, that episode in the revue entitled "The School for Husbands." This, if it is not "out" by this time, certainly should be.

"She's always out nowadays—goodness k
"Ah! She ain't been the same woman

L.N.A.

SOLVING A DOMESTIC PROBLEM

The stillness of the still room, the cares of the kitchen and the horrors of housework have been enlivened by the organisation of a Servants' Ball by a number of Chelsea housewives, including Lady Rosamund Gibbs, one of the founders. Those engaged in domestic service are thus entertained as will be seen above where Cicely Courtneidge, who presented the prizes at the Chelsea Town Hall, is seen with "Oriental," "Nellie Wallace," "Spring" and "Departed Spirits," whose vocations in their daily lives can only be guessed at

This is the period when pianists and oysters are still in season—there's an R in the month, you know—and in the front rank of them is Ania Polakoff, who, as I write, is announced as due to give a recital at the Wigmore Hall. I have heard her play before, and she possesses not only astonishing technical ability, but true musical sympathy and

A RESTAURANT FOR THE SOPHISTICATED

By Stan Terry

hen she does any 'ouse-work"
he went to that 'Idle 'ome' Exhibition!"

understanding. An asset which has nothing whatever to do with music, but which should not be despised, is an attractive appearance and a personality that "gets there." I am not so sure, on second thoughts, that personality is not almost as important on the concert platform as it is on the stage.

Miss Polakoff studied with Benno Moiseiwitsch, and does justice to him. I hope she will give another recital later on in the season.

S

KETTNER'S Restaurant was essentially a discreet and sophisticated place in the long ago. To-day it has changed in many ways, principally in that it has moved with the times and goes in for entertainments during meals, which remain at the same high standard. But there is still something discreet and sophisticated—in the various topical references in the songs of Rex Evans. Kettner's is a small restaurant and Rex Evans, being a large man, is able to fill it. That is because he has an inimitable way with him, which commands a large following. He is, in short, a revue intime in himself, and, as there is no one quite like him, Kettner's has been wise in securing, for the time being, his exclusive services.

MISS ANIA POLAKOFF

The well-known pianist, who gave a successful recital at Wigmore Hall on April 7 last. A former pupil of Zurczynski, Moiseiwitsch and Mabel Lander, her programme was entirely classical

A striking caricature by H. H. Harris of Rex Evans striking the piano at Kettner's Restaurant, where he regales the company with songs for the sophisticated

MODERN NURSERY RHYMES

A NOCTURNE

Little Bo Peep
She's lost her sleep,
And doesn't much want to find it;
At night clubs now she
Goes on dancing till three,
And she never seems to mind it.

CHANCED ON NEAR 'CHANGE

Little Jack Horner
He made him a corner
In shares that soared sky high,
And then sold them all
Ere they started to fall
And said, "What a cute cuss am I!"

A SUSSEX SONG

Ride a Delage
To Brighton's bright plage
To see a fine lady whose outlook is large.
Rings on her fingers and lovely silk hose,
Just where she gets them, though,
Nobody knows!

FOUND IN FLEET STREET

Tom, Tom, the Marquess's son,
Scandal heard and thought it fun.
From all he'd meet
He'd make notes neat
And now he's worshipped in "The Street."

B. W.

The bolero suit has staged an enthusiastic revival. Worth creates it here in navy blue cloth with full-pleated skirt. The threequarter sleeves and scalloped bolero show a long-sleeved white blouse embroidered in pearls. The close-fitting hat of open plaited straw follows the lines of the coiffure. Model Worth

THE

By Blanche

SELDOM, if ever, has the subject of new fashions created so great a furore or been so much discussed. Probably this was because the change of silhouette was so complete and so sudden that we have all been surprised into it. Actually the mode was launched in August, 1929, though there were premonitions felt for some time before, and it has been percolating through various shock centres ever since. It is as though Paris had thrown a stone into the sea of Fashion and the ripples have been widening until they have touched all corners of the civilised world.

THE differing psychology of nations is never so apparent as when dealing with this great question of clothes, in their reception of, as in their reaction to, novelties of all kinds. In Paris the attitude is extremely critical, but being in close touch with the fashion creators a new vogue is never so great a surprise as it is for the rest of the world. After all it is the Frenchwoman who inspires her couturiers by her certain specific needs which have to be catered for, not only in her capital, but on her sunny Southern shores. The Frenchwoman displays her dress genius by picking out a style that contains the essence of everything new without being in the least bit extravagant. It is so superlative a kind of good dressing that you have to look twice to appreciate its refined chic. Then having approved a new style, the smart woman adopts it immediately and drops the old one as quickly.

THE American woman shows less discretion and more enthusiasm. It comes from Paris; it *must* be right! And she takes the whole thing to her heart. More, new styles are transported so quickly, copied so exactly, their Parisian labels and cachet proclaimed so triumphantly, that New York is becoming one of the smartest places in the world. So close in touch is New York kept to Paris by watchful eyes that everything new is spirited over and shown in Fifth Avenue as soon as in Rue de la Paix. It is this demand always for something new that has forced Paris into a quicker pace to keep up with it.

IN England it is quite different. We rather resent these novelties, and have to get *used* to them before we adopt them, when they, of course, cease to be novelties. Also, why should we be dictated to like this? The wary buyer does not, therefore, get the extreme styles. She *adapts* them. She interpolates what *she* thinks Englishwomen want. She probably knows her clients by experience—or thinks she does; and one is always met with this adaptation until one really begins to wonder if she is right after all? Novelties, it seems, have to be broken to us gently, and most of us, as a result, can buy and happily wear a six-months-old model instead of one of the newest season. This has its advantages—for the dressmaker as well as her client.

WOMEN are showing themselves loth to give up the skull cap, and though it is draped with a new bonnet-like line and has folded pieces to break its harsh outline round the face, it is still with us. The very wide hat will do for a hot summer day as a graceful addition to the befrilled garden party frock (in which we love to deck ourselves with the smallest encouragement from King Sol), but it is no manner of use in a crowded 'bus. But there are heaps of medium-size, low-crown hats to beguile us with their entirely new line, and they tip up off the face in a thoroughly becoming manner. One Dolly Vardon hat in shiny navy straw had a very demure look, and several others had a "poke" shape which goes excellently well with the fichu or capelet frock, and sheds a halo of shadow over the face, which is a great relief after so much publicity. Most of us will fall for the new lace straw that creates, most admirably, hats large and small, but they are not for wear quite now, but a little later on.

WITH the increasing femininity comes the return of the flower into favour, and it is worn in engaging and inconsequent ways. Sometimes it is bunched into the waistbelt, sometimes fastened at the back of the cape collar, or back to its old position at the centre front of the corsage, or, oddly, at the knee to fasten a flounce. Some

PSYCHOLOGY OF CLOTHES

B. Elliott

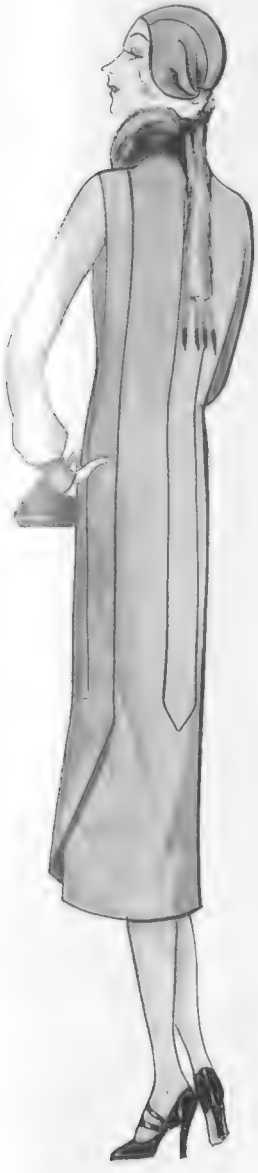
are modern in appearance and generally small in size. A very new method is to lacquer them and give them a cold, stiff, glisteny appearance. Lacquer is popular at the moment for our furniture as for our nails, and possibly we shall think out some new use for it soon. Lacquered flowers of the large prim kinds are extremely decorative in the house and give the effect of coloured glass in the distance, and are much cheaper.

S

HAIR is undoubtedly being grown by those who have the strength of mind to get through the first six months of pure agony. It is nice on young people—anything is—but I do rather tremble for the others. So many older women's hair gets fuzzy or frizzy, or whatever you like to term it, and it either seems to have been over "permed" or is growing out of it and wants doing again. It lacks the sleek gloss and elasticity of youth, and really needs much more attention than it generally gets. Short locks growing into the nape of the neck and ruffled by every coat collar are apt to get "mussy," and it really needs a Venus to carry that off successfully.

HOWEVER, when I first saw, a year ago, a pill box of a hat by Reboux on the head of a young woman with hair that curled upwards at the nape of it, I rather guessed what we were in for. I have heard several Frenchwomen speak against it in horror, and that it was not "good style," but it seems to be with us all the same. It is most successful when the hair is combed backwards and kept flat and close to the head, but when it gets touzled it looks *too* revolting! But one may get used to it, even then. One can, apparently, get used to anything. B. B. E.

For a golden hour of leisure has Lanvin created this gown of shimmering silver. The magnificence of its train, its wide, transparent sleeves spangled with glittering beads, and its Grecian strappings, picture modernity in a pensive mood
Model Jeanne Lanvin



Jenny's attractive coat of blue cloth has long slimming lines with collar and perruque of summer ermine
Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

"When his back is turned I slip the case into my pocket"

THE RELAPSE

By Manville Keith

Illustrated by HYNES

SIR LANGTON MALTRAVERS leant back in his armchair and, placing the tips of his fingers together, smiled encouragingly at the young man who sat on the other side of the massive desk in his consulting-room.

"Now, Mr. Poole," he murmured in that soft, ingratiating voice of his which never failed to impress those elderly ladies who, being unable to raise any interesting physical ailments, found consolation in inventing inhibitions, repressions and complexes with which to dull the ear and swell the bank balance of the popular neurologist. "I understand from your aunt, dear Lady Swanage—what a charming woman, Mr. Poole, a charming woman!—that you wish to consult me. Just tell me in your own words what the trouble is."

Tony Poole fumbled with his tie. "Oh, it's nothing very much, but the fact is that aunt is a bit peeved because she's had a few complaints about me. You see, I've not been quite up to scratch of late, with the result that when I'm out I suddenly feel that I simply must pinch something."

Sir Langton's eyes lit up. "Quite so. Now tell me, is it usually the male or the female figure, which ——"

"Oh, lord, no, it's nothing like that!" interposed Tony, hastily. "I'm not much of a hand at expressing things, but when I say pinch I mean, well, lift."

"Lift?" said Sir Langton, hopefully. "You mean you lift up ladies' —er—"

"Not that sort of lifting," protested Tony. "Nicking, I mean."

"Nicking?"

"Yes, nicking, winning, you know? Grabbing, stealing, if you follow me."

Sir Langton sighed regretfully. "Ah, kleptomania. I see. What are the symptoms?"

"WELL, I may be breezing along Bond Street, say, and spot a gold cigarette case or something in a jeweller's window that I feel I've simply got to have. Of course, I could buy it, but that's not the same thing somehow; so I go in and ask the lad inside to show me some cigarette cases, and when they are all laid out I say I'd like a lighter to go with it, and when his back is turned I slip the case into my pocket."

"And have your—er—purloinings proved successful?"

"Never once," sighed Tony. "Of course I'm fairly well known in the old market place and they don't send for the police, but they are getting a bit peeved. In fact a couple of firms have written snorting letters to my dear aunt about it and she got furious. In fact, she hinted pretty firmly that unless I came to see you I should find myself disinherited, and, as you know, she is better off than most."

"Quite so. Quite so," cooed Sir Langton. "Your dear aunt has honoured me with her confidence in this case and I believe it would not be entirely inaccurate to suggest that you have been living—ah—rather strenuously, shall we say, of late?"

"I've certainly been knocking the high spots lately," admitted Tony, cheerfully.

"Exactly." Sir Langton lay back in his chair. "Well, Mr. Poole, I think I can promise you that we will soon have you all right. Mens sana in corpore sano, as we say. A month at my quiet country house in Sussex will put you right. You will receive proper diet, early hours, and get plenty of fresh air."

"Great Scott! You don't mean to say you want to bung me in a bughouse?"

"Certainly not, sir! The place is spotlessly clean!" snapped Sir Langton. "I entertain one or two special patients there who are suffering from the strain of modern living conditions. A resident physician looks after the physical and mental health of my guests and, owing to the indisposition of my housekeeper, my daughter is at present acting in the capacity of hostess there."

Tony sighed. "Very well. I'll come quietly. It's a fair cop."

BY jove, Moira!" exclaimed Tony as he gazed rapturously across the tea-table at his vis-à-vis. "Finding you down here is absolutely and completely marvellous!"

"But didn't daddy tell you I was looking after the house for a bit?"

"He certainly *did* say something about a daughter, but I'd not the foggiest idea *he* was your governor. When I met you at dances and things you never told me."

"Why on earth should I?" laughed Moira. "My friends aren't daddy's, you know."

"Thank heaven for that!" sighed Tony, devoutly.

"Well, if they all let themselves go to pot like someone I know, I think it's a good thing," retorted Moira. "You *must* have been playing the goat lately, Tony."

"Guilty, my lud!" admitted Tony. "But that's all over now."

"Thanks to daddy."

"No. Thanks to daddy's daughter!"

"What on earth do you mean, Tony?" demanded Moira.

Tony, seizing the opportunity and her hand, told her—and for once he was really eloquent.

SIR LANGTON, balancing a teacup on one knee, smiled unctuously at his hostess. "Yes, Lady Swanage, I think I may claim that your nephew is on the high road to complete recovery. The reports are most encouraging, and I pride myself on having correctly diagnosed his case."

His discourse was interrupted by the butler, who announced that Sir Langton was wanted on the telephone.

"Hullo! Is that Sir Langton?" demanded a distant voice. "This is Tony Poole speaking."

"Quite a coincidence," boomed Sir Langton. "I was just telling your dear aunt about your splendid recovery."

"I'm sorry, but I've had a relapse."

"Dear me. Nothing serious?"

"Well, I've just stolen something."

"You must return it at once," said Sir Langton, firmly.

"I can't. I've just married it."

"What on earth are you talking about," snapped the specialist.

"Your daughter," laughed Tony, and rang off.

"I'm sorry, but I've had a relapse!"

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

FIXTURES

By Phyllis Bottome

Many an honest man has been turned aside by Poverty. Ulrich, however, was different. His better nature, possibly his conscience, was always holding him back, and, when he finally had to come to a great decision, it was all the more difficult for him. Nor did the love of Anna in any way help to solve the problem. How things turned out in the end, and how at least one of the party was content, can be seen in this intriguing story by Phyllis Bottome

Illustration by H. Woollcott

Graf Ulrich von Linderheider was still very good-looking in a massive, benevolent way. Children always put their hands in his; dogs never bit him; business men never trusted him; and women always fooled him.

No one could have supposed that he could be attracted by Anna Zuckermeidl; but it is a mistake to judge of a man's incentive until you know what his alternative has been.

Anna had the face of a slightly good-looking shark which had paid particular attention to dental advertisements. Her voice attacked you before you had time to defend yourself, drowned whatever you had to say, and rasped the nerves like that species of drill used to break up the pavements of Piccadilly. Nor was her disposition any pleasanter than her physical disadvantages. Her eagerness to possess was only equalled by the contempt with which she treated her possessions once she had acquired them. Her parents had died young, but not sufficiently young to escape being severely mauled by their only offspring. It must have been a great relief to them to discover that Anna's voice could not carry beyond the grave.

They left her their entire fortune, which was large, but only just large enough to procure her her first husband, a man of some taste but poor judgment. At the end of a year he had just enough courage left to slip out of the house; and he was never heard of again except when he hurriedly reappeared to agree to a divorce.

Her second husband was a gentle, conscientious, business man. Anna struck him as if by lightning, married him in his dazed condition, and trampled on him contentedly for five years afterwards. It was generally supposed that he was the father of her three sons, because, as the Priest himself pointed out, "Who else was obliged to be?"

At the end of this period Zuckermeidl thankfully accepted a virulent type of influenza offered him by Providence, and followed Anna's parents into the untroubled seclusion of the grave.

Anna took her widow's lot hard, but it was some time before she was able to dispense with it. She had reached the age of forty, a time of life when it is not easy to charm the most exposed of men without an agreeable disposition or the remains of good looks.

And yet within six weeks of making her acquaintance, Graf Ulrich von Linderheider found himself her lover! He couldn't himself have said exactly how this had happened.

It is true he had had a dominating mother, and once having surrendered to a dominating woman, a man finds it more difficult to resist any other woman of the same type. He was chivalrous, too; and to refuse to become a woman's lover when she asks you seemed to Ulrich as difficult as to refuse to pass her the salt at table.

But the real reason why Ulrich occupied this anomalous position, with a woman he couldn't like, was because he was without hope.

He was fifty; he had served magnificently in a losing war. He had met ruin on the top of defeat; and accepted it with dignified serenity. For a year or two he drove a taxi in the streets of Vienna, lived over a mews, and washed his clothes at a public pump. Then he met an unscrupulous old schoolfellow, who helped him to get on to his feet again, by showing Ulrich how to do things which Ulrich didn't like. Ulrich was easy-natured, but his morality was that of a man of privilege and honour. He had got used to doing without privilege, and now he had to grow used to doing without honour.

It was an unpleasant process, but not quite so unpleasant as living in his little room over the mews.

Ulrich found comfort and cleanliness an incredible relief, and he drank a little more than was good for him, to forget what he was doing to obtain them. The partnership lasted for some years; then his fishy companion put before Ulrich a piece of swindling which would haunt Ulrich for the rest of his life if he agreed to share it, or the alternative—if he refused—of sinking back into destitution.

Ulrich knew that he could just escape starving, because he had relations who could not afford either to support him properly or to refuse to assist him a little; and friends who still loved him. He could become a touting old nuisance, or a blatant rogue; or he could commit suicide; but four years' fighting in the Dolomites had rather put him off the notion of sudden death.

He was still considering which of these three courses to take when Anna pounced upon him and provided him with a fourth. He met her at an evening party, to which she should not have been invited, and to which Ulrich had not intended to go.

"That's a woman to flee from," Ulrich said to himself; but after a cocktail or two Anna's coarse flattery began to ring more pleasantly in his ears. At the exact moment in a man's life when he knows that he is not the fine fellow he always thought he was, it is comforting to find the lost Hero reappear, in the conversation and glances of even the vulgarest of women.

"I'll marry that man!" Anna said to herself. But this was not so easy as she had supposed. After all, Ulrich was a Graf. He had been brought up to think that though it is rude to refuse a woman's favours, it is not necessary to legalise them.

He went about with Anna, sat in her car, which he drove a great deal better than her chauffeur, ate her dinners and stood her conversation.

But he took no money from her; and whenever she brought the conversation round to matrimony, Ulrich stared into the middle distance, with the wide and baffling gaze of a ruminating ox.

One day Anna said ingratiatingly: "Ulrich, I want to buy a house and settle down. I do not care for this hotel life any more. I have always had a deeply domestic nature. I shall send the boys to a boarding-school somewhere a long way off—where they can learn English—and make a little home for myself."

"That is probably very wise," Ulrich said carefully, "if you will not be lonely without your little ones."

This was an unfortunate opening of which Anna took immediate advantage.

"Why should I be lonely if you will share my little home with me?" she asked with a persuasive smile.

(All rights strictly reserved)

But Ulrich continued to stare into the middle distance.

"I suppose," Anna said a little sharply, when she saw that he was getting out of it again, "that you are free to marry, and I know you are poor as a rat! Well! since you won't accept money from me, as my lover, why not share what I have in the married state? I have always, you know, been a respectable woman, and though one can manage to make a relation like ours look as it should, I confess I should prefer to replace it by something more solid."

Ulrich blinked. "As you say," he remarked after a careful pause, "a relation like ours can be made to look feasible. That seems to me a great advantage. What house were you thinking of buying?"

ANNA controlled herself by a tremendous effort, an effort which would have been hard on her stays had she lived in an age when women wore them. She might have used this suppressed passion to drive home her point, but there were moments when she felt that her hold on Ulrich was hardly strong enough for her to let her temper rip. After marriage, well and good, but before, on the way towards that still inaccessible goal, was she not wiser to keep herself within the bounds of a more romantic emotion?

"Well," she said appealingly, "I'd like your advice about the house, Ulrich. Since my poor husband died I have lived in constant terror of being imposed upon. Without a strong man's arm to lean on, what is a poor defenceless woman like myself worth?"

Anna was worth, and she very well knew it, a hundred thousand schillings a year. Ulrich sighed, too, for he was worth no more than his pension, which was practically nothing.

"Certainly I will go and look at the house with you," he said at last. "To whom does it belong?"

"It belongs to that evil old peasant Feuersinger—the one that owns most of the land about here—and has forty illegitimate children," said Anna, with a return to cheerfulness. "He will try to cheat me about the price, of course. He would snatch his grandmother out of her grave to pass off a false coin on her! But you had better leave me to deal with him. I'm used to managing peasants! Feuersinger's present tenant is an Englishman; he has put in a telephone and a second bathroom. These fixtures make the house quite a bargain for me, for, of course, I intend to get them for nothing."

"BUT," said Ulrich, "it is probable that they will be worth something, those fixtures, since the Englishman has no doubt paid much to have them put in!"

"That's *his* look-out," said Anna impatiently. "What an idiot to put anything of value into a house you do not intend to buy! All I know is that I shall take the fixtures—and not pay for them—if I take the house at all!"

When they reached the top of the hill Ulrich saw the house. It is always curious to see a house in which you may be going to live. This particular house was a high, golden-brown châlet with a wide sun verandah and three rows of comfortable balconies, a house so large that even Anna's voice could hardly be heard all over it. Nevertheless Ulrich wished she had not shouted the moment she entered the orchard gardens. Her voice rang through the trees, bowed down with apple-blossom, and drew the Englishman, as if by an invisible compulsion, out of the house. His tall, soldierly figure was followed by the squat, substantial form of Peter Feuersinger.

ANNA did not ask if she might go over the house. She stormed it. Feuersinger puffed anxiously behind her, and Ulrich found himself following side by side with the Englishman, for whom he felt a perverse and most uncomfortable sympathy. He ought, surely, not to have wanted to guard the Englishman's interests, nor to warn him against Anna! But both these desires assailed him. He could not help seeing that the Englishman had doubled the value of the house. Ulrich liked gadgets, so did the Englishman. In a few minutes they were talking confidently about the new boiler the Englishman had just put in, so that you could have a hot bath at any hour of the day or night.

Their talk was broken up by Anna. She always disliked conversation carried on in her presence which was not addressed to herself; and she told the Englishman that it was not in the least necessary for him to accompany them over the house. Feuersinger, she said, could tell her what was his property and what wasn't.

The Englishman accepted his dismissal, in a house still technically his, with meekness; but before he left them he exchanged a glance of humorous confidence with Ulrich. He didn't, of course, guess the relationship which bound Ulrich and Anna; if he thought about the reason for Ulrich's accompanying her at all, he probably supposed him to be her superior and rather unwilling man of business.

Ulrich returned the glance. He couldn't help the amusement nor the friendliness which he felt his own eyes conveyed. A loyalty stronger than any loyalty to a woman bound him to this man of his own caste.

"It is a pity he speaks German," Anna remarked before the Englishman had had time to go beyond earshot, "otherwise you could have bargained with him better!"

"Yes, I have thought of that myself," agreed Feuersinger; "but, on the other hand, how could I deal with him at all if he didn't? Besides, I can bargain well enough."

This first sight of the house pleased Ulrich. He liked it; he couldn't help liking it, as if it were his own. The clean pine wood smelled of sun. The rooms were panelled; they had gay English curtains of flowered chintz.

"Why should I be lonely if you will share my little home with me?" she asked with a persuasive smile

Ulrich stood on one of the balconies and looked down into the apple-blossoms. The Englishman had made a swimming pool exactly where Ulrich would have chosen to make one himself.

During the next few weeks Ulrich often stood on the balcony thinking over the four solutions for his problem: Death—Anna—Dishonour—Penury! None of them really seemed any pleasanter than the others.

Behind him, in the savage closeness of the room, Feuersinger and Anna stormed over the price of the house.

ULRICH could hear Anna's voice like some form of machinery which has gone dangerously wrong, a clanking, menacing sound; and he wondered if he could like the apple-blossoms enough to make up for it. Sometimes he tried to remind Anna that the house was not yet empty. "Anna," he would say in a cautious undertone, "do remember that the English gentleman still possesses the house!" But Anna would only shriek louder: "Am I to buy a pig in a poke, then, to please the English? Have they not injured us enough already with their cursed War, their rascally Treaty and their idiotic Reparations? I, too, will have reparations before I saddle myself with this house, but it will be he, not I, who shall pay them!"

There came a day when Ulrich was sure that all was over. He would never see the apple-blossom nor the swimming pool again; nor the lounge chair, under an orange umbrella, so well arranged for the stretched-out hand to find a whisky and soda in its clasp!

Feuersinger and Anna had reached the point where neither would go backward nor forward. Even language failed them. A calm like the awful pause at the centre of a hurricane fell upon the room behind Ulrich.

"It is the end," he thought to himself. "Well, then, for me, too, it is the end of one possibility, for without the house I shall certainly not be tempted to marry Anna!" And he thought of the faces of his grudging relations, of his fifty years, and of how difficult it is to drink too much on other people's money.

ANNA drew a deep breath. Feuersinger braced himself afresh; the storm was about to begin again. In the garden at Ulrich's feet the Englishman whistled to a friendly dog. Ulrich leaned farther over the balcony to look at it—a fine Alsatian, with race in it. He, too, might have a dog again——

"I shall take the house," he heard Anna saying behind him, and she repeated Feuersinger's last desperately wrung-out figure. "All the same, it is highway robbery! Still, if it includes the bath, the telephone, the kitchen sink, the new boiler, the gas and electric light fittings, and, of course, these curtains, I will accept your figure!"

"Perhaps you would wish it to include as well the Englishman, his dog and his cat?" observed Feuersinger with histrionic gloom. "I have, of course, given the house away to you for nothing! But what is one to do with a lady who has the spirit of a tiger?"

A faint imitation of the former storms followed, but in the end Feuersinger agreed to include the fixtures.

"And the Englishman?" asked Ulrich in the pause that followed. "What is he to be paid for his outlay?"

"What is that to you?" retorted Anna swiftly. "It is not my business! It is, therefore, not yours! Feuersinger can attend to that."

"The Herr Graf need have no uneasiness," agreed Feuersinger soothingly. "I shall attend to it."

And yet Ulrich felt uneasiness. He could not bear to think that the owner of those straight and friendly eyes,

(*Continued on page 90*)

TWO MEN IN "TWO WORLDS"

Fred Daniels

A remarkable camera study of Donald Calthrop and Randle Ayrton, the two well-known British actors, in a scene from E. A. Dupont's new tri-lingual super talkie, "Two Worlds," which he is now making at Elstree for Greenbaum Films, of Berlin. This is the first tri-lingual film ever made as his "Atlantic" was the first bi-lingual talkie. Thus Mr. Dupont can justly claim to be the most experienced director of the new sound technique

FILM NOTES

WHEN A CHINAMAN IS NOT A CHINAMAN

By Lionel Collier

RICHARD BARTHELMESS started his career as a young Chinaman in D. W. Griffith's picture, "Broken Blossoms." It certainly made his name, but just as surely his performance in "A Son of the Gods," at the Regal, in which he is also a Chinaman (who turns out not to be one), would not have done so.

Sam Lee (Richard Barthelmess), the cruel young Chinese merchant, at his office desk, bargaining with a European in a scene from "Son of the Gods." This talkie, which is now showing at the Regal, tells of Sam's love for a beautiful white girl who rejects him

Norma Talmadge, who makes her talkie début in "New York Nights," based on the play "Tin Pan Alley." It is now running at the New Gallery

Rex Beach's story is very threadbare stuff. You have to start off with the assumption that Barthelmess is a Chinaman who finds that his supposed Chinese ancestry makes him repellent to American women. The first trouble is that no one in the audience could possibly believe that he was Chinese.

To satisfy this perspicacity the producer ends up his film by showing that he was only the adopted son of an idealised Chinaman.

As in most films which deal with the very complicated question of the colour problem, everything is treated very superficially. The Chinaman is made out the soul of honour, and the white women he comes in contact with are beneath contempt. Even the heroine would have been much better for a thorough thrashing from her indulgent and, one must confess, stupid father.

She falls in love with Barthelmess, not thinking that he is an Oriental, and when she discovers he is proceeds to horsewhip him publicly.

Poor Barthelmess has already suffered a lot of insults, but this is the culminating straw, and he proceeds to live as a Chinaman, and hate the Whites.

The heroine, played in a most affected manner by Constance Bennett, repents her action, and nearly dies for the love of her Chinaman. Eventually she offers to give herself to him, colour or no colour. Luckily he has discovered that he is not a Chinaman, but probably only a mongrel white. So all ends happily.

Technical work is very good indeed, but the producer has developed his story very slowly. There is one scene in which a Chinese dance hall is shown where white women apparently

Marion Davies as the well-meaning but all-too-loquacious Dulcy with her fiancé, Gordon (Elliott Nugent), in "Not So Dumb." This Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, directed by King Vidor, is remarkably entertaining

offer themselves to the Orientals. It is rather repellent, and for the purpose of the story unnecessary.

Norma Talks

AT the New Gallery Norma Talmadge is appearing in her first talkie, "New York Nights." If New York nights are anything like those depicted in this film it is certainly a good place to avoid.

The story is conventional crook drama with a heroine who leaves her weak-kneed song-writer husband because he drinks. She then lives under the protection of a gang leader, taking everything and giving nothing in order to conform with the apparently prevalent idea of virtue in America.

Later she finds her husband starving and returns to him. The unfortunate gang leader is arrested.

As a matter of fact, this part is excellently acted by John Wray and convinces one much more than the others. Norma Talmadge surprises one with a musical voice, and one very good scene where she leaves her husband.

Conversation is a hundred per cent. American, and some of the phrases are difficult to catch. In fact, the picture shows that Norma Talmadge may do well in the talkies if she is given rather better material.

A picturesque scene from the French film, "The Queen's Necklace." It shows the meeting of the Countess de la Motte (left) with her husband and Olivia, who bears a marked resemblance to Queen Marie Antoinette

Queen Marie Antoinette and her lady-in-waiting, the Princess de Lamballe, arriving on a visit to the Countess de la Motte Another scene from "The Queen's Necklace," showing at the Palace Theatre

That Censor Business

I SEE the Censor is again being blamed for cutting out a branding and flogging scene from the French film, "The Queen's Necklace," which is now showing at the Palace.

I seem to remember American pictures which have contained such sequences perhaps less grim which have not been cut, but I feel equally sure that they, too, would have been better out.

I have not yet seen the picture, but if stark realism is introduced into such incidents they could be highly unpleasant. That the French did not cut them is no argument as to why we should not. In cases like this implication is better than realistic application. The Censor has a very difficult task, and on the whole performs it well. There are, in fact, more people who would publicly object to the retention of such scenes than those who object to their excision.

It is a good thing to leave well alone, for the only alternative will be a State Censorship, and few people will quibble as to which is the lesser evil.

A New Star

THERE is a young girl in "The Grand Parade" at the Capitol, who, judging by her performance, is destined to come well to the fore. Helen Twelvetrees gives a performance in this picture of old-time minstrels which is really outstanding. She has charm, naturalness and a real ability to rise to dramatic heights without artificiality.

She is cast as a servant girl, Molly, who worships a minstrel who has taken to drink and lost his position.

When he is persuaded to return to a famous troupe, she goes with him and helps him to fight his weakness. Then comes success, and he marries Molly more out of a feeling that she can look after him than because he loves her.

After this things become very trite. An old flame returns and leads him astray. He gets too drunk to appear, but is sobered up when he learns that Molly is to have a child and has contemplated suicide.

Here is Helen Twelvetrees' big scene. Most actresses would have made the conventional situation still more conventional. She rises above her material, and, in her diatribe against her husband, followed by a gradual forgiveness, acts magnificently. L. C.

ELSIE RANDOLPH

A portrait, specially drawn for "The Bystander" by the Cigarini Studios, of the well-known musical comedy actress, who has joined the ranks of the Co-Optimists. This happy party are now appearing at the London Hippodrome, where their revival is proving more than popular. Elsie Randolph is very familiar with this theatre, as it was there that she scored two of her greatest successes in "Sunny" and "That's a Good Girl"

PARIS GOSSIP

FORCIBLE FEEDING and DELECTABLE DIETS

By Sylvia Lyon

WHAT a pity that Madame Hanau is not good-looking! Otherwise a movie contract might have been awaiting her when she left prison. Of course, she got out of prison for one hour, and I am going to tell you all about it. Well, as you may remember, my dears, Madame Hanau is a genie de finance who waved a wand in the shape of a newspaper called the *Gazette du Franc*, and thereby cast a golden spell upon hundreds of poor little French dumb-bells, who bought worthless shares in companies which she owned and recommended in the columns of her paper.

But somebody broke the spell with a terrific crash, and Madame Hanau has been spending the last year or so in prison. Suddenly she decided that she did not like prison fare and went on a hunger strike, which the French accuse the English—or was it the Irish?—of inventing. (These Nordics!) On the twenty-third day of her fast, and after the newspapers melodramatically described how twelve hefty attendants of the hospital to which she had been transferred, had tried forcibly to feed their most prominent guest, in the dead of night, like a wily witch Madame Hanau, with the help of the classic weapon of escape, bed-sheets, lowered herself out of the window.

She wandered, no one yet knows where, for one hour, and then returned to the prison. I think that during her hunger strike she must have had a few joints of beef hidden under her bed in order that she could get up and jump out of the window like that.

Or perhaps her diet was somewhat like that of an American-Woman-Who-Lives-at-the-Ritz. (The same one I wrote about last week.) This A.-W.-W.-L.-R. invited a few friends to lunch and told them that she had ordered in advance as she was on a special diet. Her guests were served with grape fruit, lamb cutlets, no vegetables, and a compôte of fruit. The hostess's diet consisted of oysters, some suavely sauced fish, chicken, new asparagus, salad, and a complicated sweet. Perhaps Madame's hunger-strike was something like that.

Coincidentally with her escape from the Cochin Hospital, a dossier containing thirty-five pages of evidence was stolen from an armoire at the Ministry of Justice. The following morning the Minister, M. Peret,

(Continued on page 82)

Keystone

Lita Grey, the film star and former wife of Charlie Chaplin, is staying in Paris. The fact that Mr. Chaplin proposes to visit the French capital in the near future started rumours of a reconciliation which was denied with no lack of emphasis by both parties

Sport and General

Senorita Lilli de Alvarez, the Spanish lawn tennis star, with Alain Gerbault, the French player. She has recently left Switzerland, where she has been doing great things on skis and also acting in a film

Keystone

The "Queen of Paris" greeting her subjects during the annual Mi-Carême Carnival in Paris. The Mi-Carême festivities afford the good people of Paris an outlet for merriment which may possibly have been held in check during Lent

One man beats three

Over the gruelling Putney Mortlake course

LEFT.
The great race as seen from Hammersmith Bridge.

BELOW.
H. A. Barry, the World's Champion Sculler.

This is a unique feat in the history of rowing. H. A. Barry sculled over four miles from Putney to Mortlake; his opponents each raced over only a third of the distance. Yet such was the strength and endurance of Barry that he beat each opponent in turn. In his letter on this page, Barry shows how sportsmen of every kind can improve their strength and endurance by drinking Guinness regularly.

Read what H. A. Barry, the world's Champion Sculler, writes:

"I used to be noted for being a fast sculler for 1½ miles, but the rowing critics were doubtful of my ability to stay the full Championship course of 4½ miles. On advice from past champions, I started to take Guinness's Stout in May, 1925, and it has done me a lot of good these last four years. It has built my muscles up wonderfully and given me the necessary stamina, which I lacked before, to stay a long distance at racing pace.

"I took Guinness daily in my training in Canada for the race in which I won the World's Sculling Championship again for England, and found it of very great assistance."

GUINNESS for Strength

G.E.45.

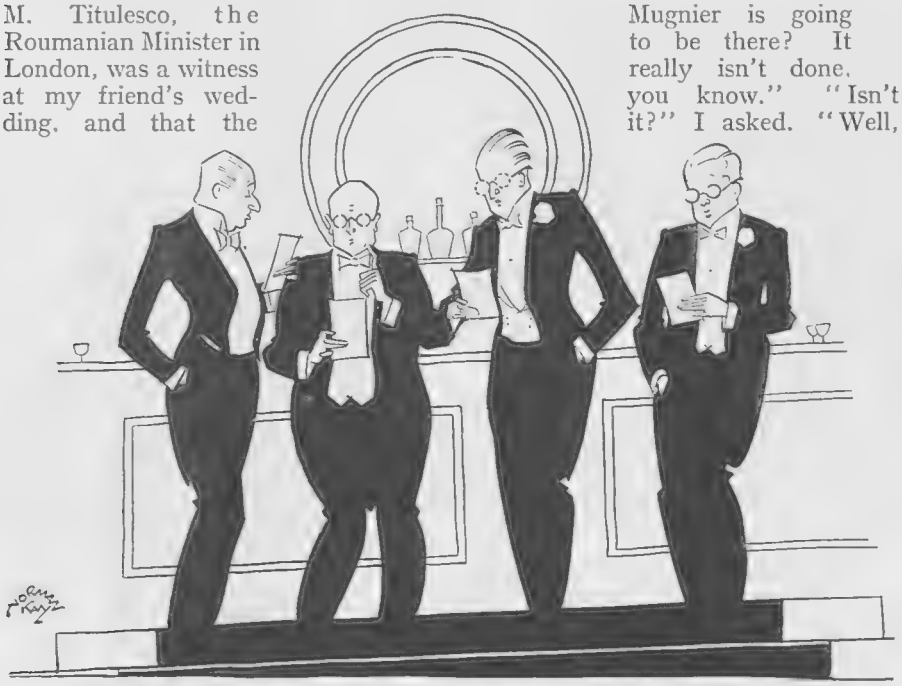
PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 80)

HONOURING GREECE — AND VIRGIL

received the key to the armoire in the mail.

PERHAPS that is why I felt slightly nervous and mysterious when a friend of mine, Mademoiselle Berthe Guillemin (whose father was at one time Minister at Athens and head of the Danube Commission during the War), who recently and quietly married Dan Geblesco, until recently secretary at the Roumanian Legation in Paris, said to me: "On the way home you will drop this letter and little parcel for M. Titulesco? He is at the Plaza Athenée, near your house."

I thought that perhaps some secret papers were shoved under my arm, until I recalled that M. Titulesco, the Roumanian Minister in London, was a witness at my friend's wedding, and that the parcel surely contained one of those little albums of wedding photographs that the French love to have taken, to be given away after the wedding.



"I expected them to break out with 'Lead, Kindly Light' any minute"

PARIS continues to give ceremonials and celebrations. A number of evezones, meaning Greek soldiers, were sent here to assist in the celebration of Greek Independence. I have heard that M. Politis, the Greek Minister in Paris, may be named to succeed Lord Balfour in the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. . . . A great tra-la-la was held at the Sorbonne in honour of the two-thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth, with all the academicians dressed up in green and gold with their funny hats and swords, which are a little incongruous with the idea of Virgilian simplicity. . . . The Duc de Richelieu, whose mother, born Alice Heine of New Orleans, became on her second marriage the wife of Prince Albert of Monaco, has given the Château de Richelieu in the Indre-et-Loire to the University of Paris.

EVERY so often *Aux Écoutes* repeats some story about the Abbé Mugnier, who is considered the wittiest man in Paris; but this week I am going to beat *Aux Écoutes* in repeating one of his mots.

The other evening I was going to the Princesse Marthe Bibesco's, and the Comtesse de Castellane, with whom I live, came into my room and said, "WHAT! You are going to wear a dress like *that* when the Abbé Mugnier is going to be there? It really isn't done, you know." "Isn't it?" I asked. "Well, if women were afraid to wear low-cut dresses because the Abbé Mugnier is going to be present the dressmakers would have to go out of business, as he is invited out every evening."

WHEN I arrived they were reading Shakespeare's sonnets, and the Abbé said they were searching for the mention of a rossignol, or nightingale, in English. The Comte Le Marois said there were no nightingales in America, and I said, "But we have very good owls."

A short time after, Lady Juliette Duff said that a certain Royal Prince told her that his mornings are taken up with seeing most boring people, and Alfred Savoir said, "He is lucky at having to see them only in the morning." Then the Abbé said that his mornings are devoted to receiving the worst bores in his parish. "If they weren't such bores," he said, "they would have some place better to go."

"I felt slightly nervous and mysterious"

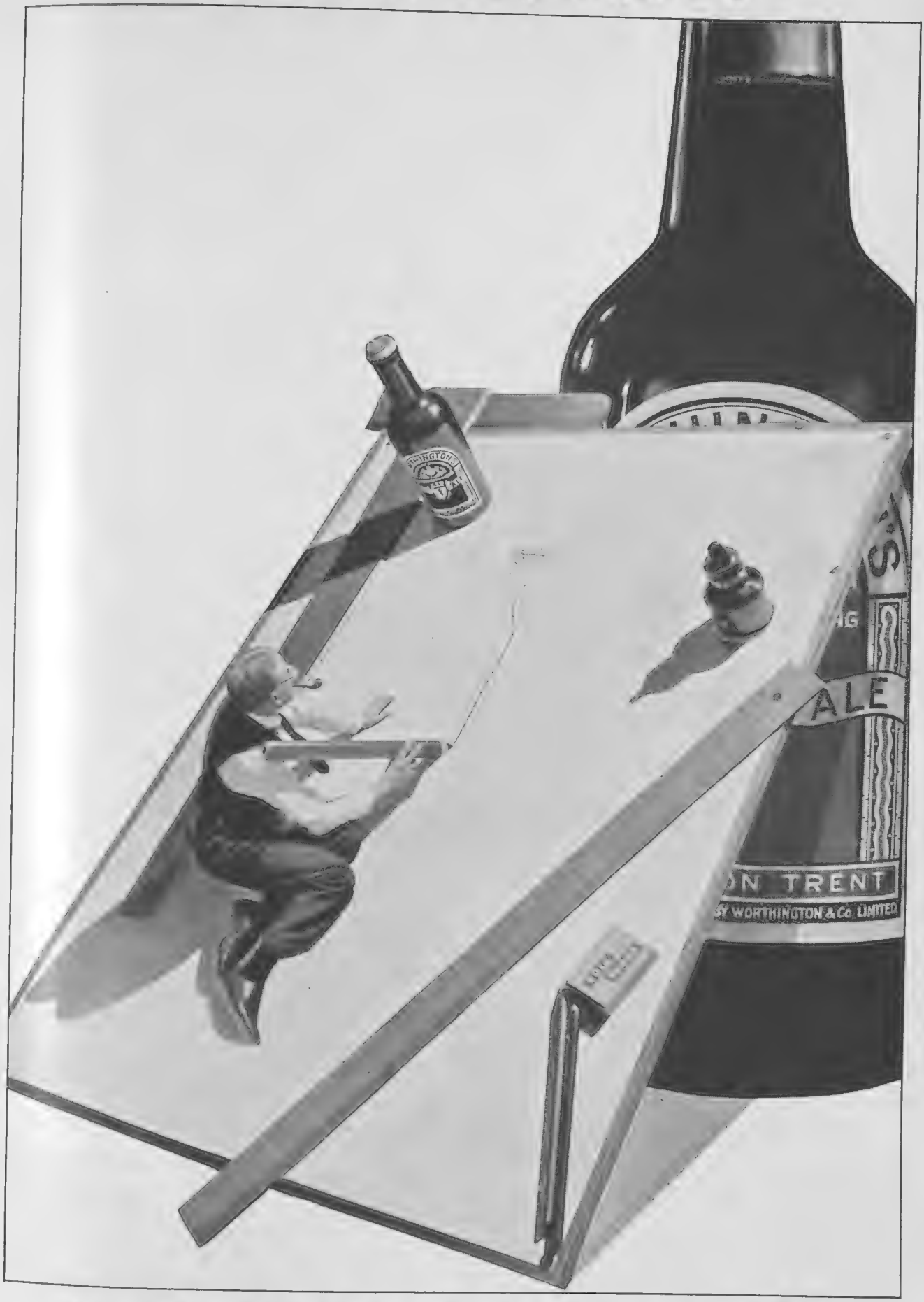
NOW, who else have I seen this week, and where have I been, that's what I would like to know? Well, this is who and what I have seen: at the Bœuf sur le Toit I saw Miss Sylvia Lyon. I really saw her, as I sat facing a mirror. I could not help it. It is annoying enough to see myself at home in a mirror without going out and seeing myself. Reflected in the same mirror, a few tables down, I also saw Mr. Willie Vanderbilt, Junior, eating new asparagus, which evidently he can afford. I also saw, standing on the highest step before the bar, while waiting for a table, four Americans, consulting four menus very solemnly. They looked exactly like a quartette, and I expected them to break out with "Lead, Kindly Light" any minute, the way they stood, so solemn and dressed up and uncomfortable.

S. L.

"What! You are going to wear a dress like that when the Abbé Mugnier is going to be there?"

SKETCHES BY NORMAN KAY

DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON.



THE WORTHINGTON ARTIST'S DREAM

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE PEERAGE AND MR. MCKENNA

By Ralph Straus

MISS IRIS BARRY

Whose new novel, "Here is Thy Victory" (Mathews and Marot: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this article Miss Barry became the film critic of the "Daily Mail" in 1925

IT used to be said of a kindly old snob who is with us no more that the best way to get hold of him was to make a noise like a duchess. With equal truth it might be said to-day of Mr. Stephen McKenna that away from the peerage, or, at least the landed gentry, he is almost lost. Take, for instance, his latest novel, *The Redemption of Morley Darville* (Cassell: 7s. 6d.). As a story it is negligible, but what a manual for the struggling young novelist who thinks—the poor fool!—that he can interest anybody in a mere shop-assistant in Tooting who marries (or divorces) a butcher's daughter! What he must do, of course, if he wants to become a best-seller, is to meet "the right people," gather duchesses and baronets about him, and lift the veil from their necessarily more picturesque lives. The more duchesses, in fact, the quicker his exchequer will be filled.

MR. WALTER WILKINSON

Author of "Peep Show," whose new book, "Vagabonds and Puppets" (Geoffery Bles: 7s. 6d.), describes a tour with a puppet-show through the west country of England

BUT how is this to be done, particularly if you live in the suburbs, or near the suburbs, or, at any rate, in some district where the absence of butlers and valets will not cause amused comment? Nothing easier. Mr. McKenna is ready to show you all the necessary ropes. Get taken somehow or other to a large country house, and stay beneath its roof for at least one week-end. Talk with assumed modesty as much as you can, and don't pretend to be able to shoot if you have never handled a gun. Interest the beautiful Lady Ermyntrude in yourself—this should not be difficult in view of the fact that she is probably fed to the teeth with "the mockery of the social round," and is eager to explore the manifold excitements of your own native suburb—and write your book. It is almost bound to be a best-seller.

AM I being a little unfair to Mr. McKenna? But what is his story? His young novelist Darville is unsuccessful, and, like many of his kind, envious of and, of course, scornful towards those who have made their names. In particular he dislikes a novelist called Allerdyce, who, like Mr. McKenna, has specialised in the peerage. All Debrett, it would seem, is in this man's pocket. But by chance Allerdyce brings the young man to Lord Silchester's country house, and Darville is invited to stay. And there he is duly impressed, and induced to revise his opinions about "the titled classes," and fascinated by the beautiful Lady Penelope, who calls him by his Christian name almost at once, but does little else. And when, as is inevitable, she turns him down in favour of Allerdyce himself, there is nothing for Darville to do but to write his best-seller. Which he does, and we leave him very happily "redeemed" on the Riviera with a duke for his host.

UNFORTUNATELY, Darville's earlier career is hardly of a kind to help us to believe in him. If he had come from, say, Camberwell slums, and graduated in a factory, I could have understood his sense of being utterly alien to these quite ordinary country folk. But he had been both to Eton and to Magdalene College, Cambridge! True, there is a considerable difference between the domestic arrangements of Mr. Darville, senior, and those of the Earl of Silchester, but Mr. Darville is an old family solicitor, and I should have thought that Eton and Cambridge between them, to say nothing of a few years in London, would have turned out a slightly more knowledgeable young man.

BUT there it is, and I find myself wondering whether even Allerdyce himself is much more than a shadow. I also find myself asking for the hundredth time whether novels about novelists interest many people. Allerdyce is made to call them "a dismal fraternity," and somebody hopes that one day soon the great novel of "literary society" will get itself written. Well, perhaps it will, but I doubt its being a best-seller.

I PASS on to a novel about which it was said (before publication) that "a more extraordinary idea" had rarely, if ever, strayed into a story. This is Iris Barry's *Here is Thy Victory* (Mathews and Marot: 7s. 6d.), and it is certainly a very strange book. Suppose that over a large part of England some freak of nature ordained that there were to be no more natural deaths: what would happen? It is a question which has been asked before, both by men of science and by novelists who have dared to write about the future. And the answer has always been the same. So far from death being a terror it is man's greatest boon, and without it the world would be safe for just nothing at all.

THAT, indeed, is the view which Miss Barry takes, though mercifully she permits nature to resume her usual routine at the end of sixteen days. But during that time enough happens to show you quite clearly the appalling catastrophe which the conquest of

(Continued on page 86)

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 84)

death (except by accident or murder) would bring in its trail.

VERY well. Here you have excellent material for the most lurid melodrama, and I use the last two words in no fault-finding way. Half the world's masterpieces are lurid melodramas. Miss Barry, however, has obviously fought shy of attempting to add to their number. She writes in such a curiously minor key that there come moments when she is in danger of forgetting her main theme altogether.

SHE shows you a few ordinary people in an ordinary town: an old married couple, a few chatterboxes, a girl in love with a rather flighty young man and unwilling to marry him while her bedridden grandfather remains alive; a married nurse and her little girl. And she shows you how gradually it is that people realise that anything is monstrously wrong. But when the newspapers broadcast the astonishing news, the effect is instantaneous. For a day or two people are a little amused, a little relieved, but soon enough they begin to understand what deathlessness means—useless old people, the country heading for bankruptcy, murders abounding, and sooner or later, a very sardine-tin of a world.

GOOD material, you see, and good vignettes of these provincial folk—and yet it seems to be an opportunity missed. Nearly all the drama there is could have taken place just as well without the supposed freak of nature. And Miss Barry only hints at the murders and other horrors; we ought to have seen them. I would have had it the very nightmare of a book: Miss Barry gives us no more than a placid dream.

IF you buy a copy of Mr. John Dickson Carr's sinister-sounding story, *It Walks by Night* (Harper: 7*s.* 6*d.*), you will find that the last hundred pages or so are enclosed in a yellow paper covering, which must be broken before you can continue to read. By the time this "seal" is reached you will have been told about two mysterious murders, both by beheading, and may or may not have guessed the double secret involved. If you return the book to your bookseller with the yellow case in position he will give you your money back; but if you damn the consequences, so to speak, you will read on and find a very pretty solution to a curiously baffling problem. For myself, I guessed half the secret, and am not wholly convinced that everything could be as Mr. Carr would have it; but it is an exciting thriller.

R. S.

In our issue of March 12 there appeared a photograph of a Russian dancer who we described as Madame Karsavina, the author of a book of reminiscences, *Theatre Street* (Heinemann: 25*s.*). The photograph in question was of the famous ballerina, Anna Pavlova, with whom Madame Karsavina was at school.

Books in Brief

Mystery stories are always popular, but they are apt to become a little tedious with their crooks, Chinese secret societies, Scotland Yards and Chief Inspectors, but we are told by the publishers, John Lane, that Mr. Milbrook's new novel, entitled *A Bridport Dagger*, is a mystery story of quite a different type. The action takes place in the first half of the last century, the scene is laid on the borders of Dorset and the New Forest, investigations are interspersed with a charming love story, and there are many pleasant descriptions of natural scenery included in this new novel.

On April 11 Benns will publish *No Walls of Jasper*, by Joanna Cannan. Many distinguished critics, including the Committee of the Book Society, have praised Miss Cannan's work warmly, and we hear that the theme of her new story is villainy. This novel is in no sense a "thriller"; it is a profound and moving study of the criminal type.

Julian Prebble is not a sinister character. He is a publisher, an amateur gardener, a husband and a father. Yet, such is the force of circumstance that he contemplates, first with horror, but later with complacency, the crime of parricide. He kills his father.

The success with which he evades all suspicion swells his robust self-respect into a vast conceit; he thinks himself infallible. The idea comes to him to deal with a later problem—the problem of Martin, his wife's platonic friend—in the same way. . . .

An interesting book was published by Gallancz on April 7 called *Another for the Woman*. It is described as a volume of letters from a man to a woman. The letters are said to be genuine . . . involving their problems of life, and the publishers tell us the editor of the letters gives all her sympathy to the woman, for whom there is always a different law.

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AT THE PLAY

COCHRAN'S LATEST an

Sketches of C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion,
By H. H. HARRIS

Ada May, the Dairy Maid, helped by Roy Royston, the Student, to get over a gate, which the Dairy Maid knew could be opened with ease

Charles B. Cochran's "1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion

I SHOULD hesitate to say that there are 1930 plums in C. B. Cochran's *1930 Revue,* but there are sufficient to please everybody and of different enough flavour to suit all tastes.

THERE are some who will appreciate most the ballet, "Luna Park," with the sub-title of "The Freaks," by Lord Berners, in which Nicholas Efimoff, Constantin Tcherkas, Richard Domonsky, Alice Nikitina, and Serge Lifar mime and dance as showman and freaks—which reminded me of Barnum's in my young days.

AND if this ballet is beloved in Part I, equally will "Night," by Boris Kochno and Henri Sanquet be liked in Part II. Both these are not only up to date, but redolent of the day after to-morrow! And the redolence, for some reason which I cannot fathom, will not smell as sweet as the flowers in the basket on the right to some!

BOTH were a little too precious for my taste. Indeed, I could not make head or tail of the second one until—after the show was over—I read the argument printed on the programme, and then I realised that the clue lay in "the symbol of thwarted desire."

PERSONALLY, my desire was thwarted whenever Maisie Gay was not on the stage. It has been suggested that this revue lacks a male comedian. Who wants one when Maisie Gay figures in the bill? Not I, for one! Maisie Gay is an actress as well as a revue artist. Only a really clever actress could impart that touch of true sentiment which she gives when appearing as a flower-seller in Piccadilly. Only a really clever actress could give such a life-like impersonation of the futile female who arrives late at the theatre and makes herself a damnable nuisance to earlier arrivals. Only a really clever actress could picture the middle-aged hunting "debutante" with such ghastly fidelity. Thank goodness Maisie Gay has much to do in this revue, and I wish she had more!

BUT this does not mean that I should like others to do less. For instance, I would not spare one instant of Ada May with the childish, squeaky voice and the lissome limbs. I should be annoyed if Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies were given less chance of showing their paces and versatility in beautiful costumes, the most beautiful being dead white in the Heaven Scene—may I go there!—and some only less so in shades ranging from white through gunmetal-grey to black, and I would not miss one single tap of Jack Powell's drumsticks.

THESE are the plums which I pick out because they appeal to my individual taste, all of which have a bloom not imparted by nature, but by C. B. Cochran himself, who, when he wants a thing done, has an uncanny knack of finding the right man to help him do it.

Maisie Gay, as a flower-seller, lamenting the good old times and suggesting that Piccadilly isn't what it was "Since Eros went away"

"The Three Musketeers," at Drury Lane

AT what is known, for some absurd reason, as the National Theatre, *The Three Musketeers,* an American musical comedy with a French theme and Austrian music, has been staged. I feel convinced that this will be a big success. It suits the vast stage of Drury Lane, and in Dennis King—the D'Artagnan—there is that rare bird, a vocalist-actor who swashes almost as well as he buckles. He is the ideal musical comedy hero who can both sing and act. There is a queen of hearts in Lilian Davies, and two "legit" artists in Arthur Wontner, as Cardinal Richelieu, and Marie Ney, the Milady, who provide first-rate acting as distinct from musical comedy playing.

THERE is a fine chorus, who are given much work to do; the music is luscious, the setting superb, the orchestra is of Covent Garden calibre, several of the songs will be heard at dance clubs and on gramophones, and, taking

OTHER MATTERS

By Vernon Woodhouse

it by and large—oh, very large—the National Theatre, with its international mixture, should delight the shareholders in Drury Lane, Limited, almost as much as the musical comedy public.

"Cape Forlorn," at the Fortune Theatre

MR. FRANK HARVEY does not essay heavenly flights (which rather spoiled his play, *The Last Enemy*) in *Cape Forlorn*, but keeps to earth, or to that small portion of earth on which a lonely lighthouse is situated. The result is that one can now find at the Fortune a play with a sound, gripping story of the type which should attract generally. There is only one scene. And there will be no need to spend money on ubiquitous posters in an unsuccessful attempt to get a large public to see that which appeals only to the idiosyncrasies of the unimportant few. Economy means much nowadays.

THE plot of *Cape Forlorn* can be summed up in an adaptation of a popular song. I would put it as "Who is it keeps the lighthouse-keeper's wife when the lighthouse-keeper's busy with his lights?" The keeper, played with rugged strength by the author, spent most of two acts polishing things or pumping oil off-stage, while his wife, by no means unwilling, was made violent love to by the rugged and sonorous assistant-keeper and by an escaped swindler with a college education. She shot the first, and the second jumped out of the lighthouse in a storm.

THE curtain fell on Mr. and Mrs. Lighthouse-keeper about to start afresh on what must inevitably be a perfectly miserable existence. Edmund Willard and Louis Bradfield were excellent as the two swains, and Marda Vanne showed some effective emotion as the lady in the case, though she never suggested to me any hidden fires of physical passion.

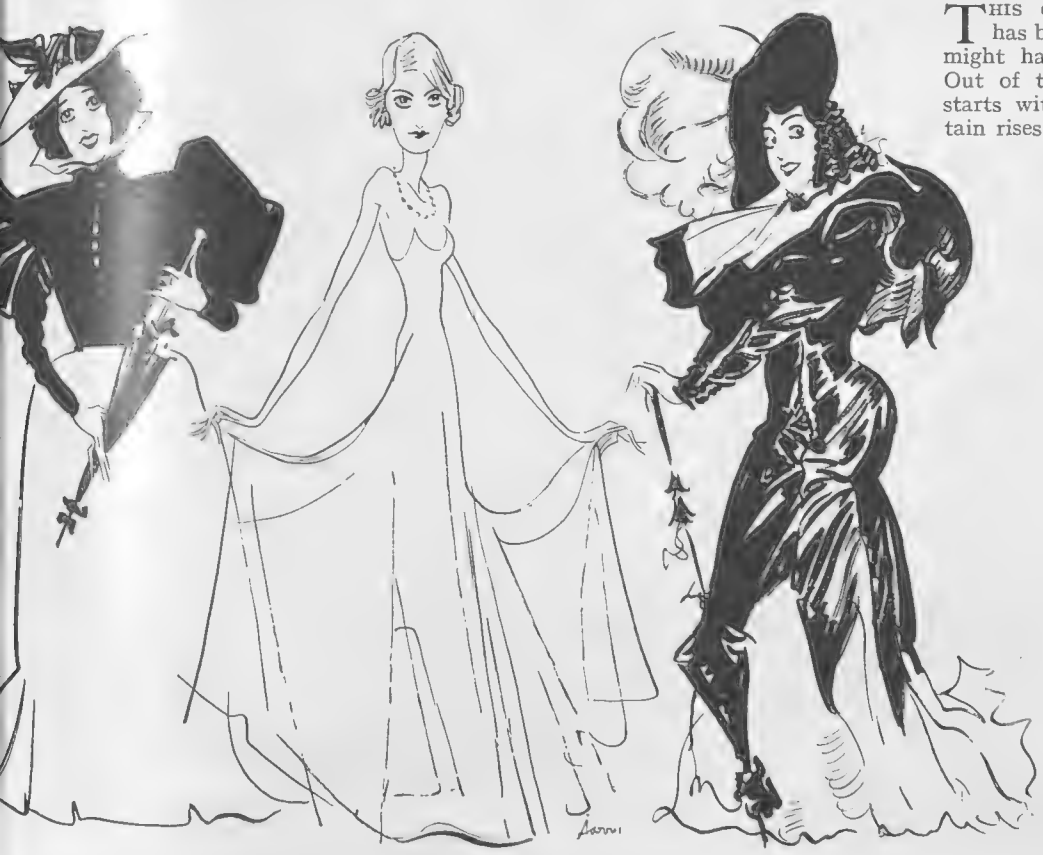
Dennis King, the young English actor and vocalist who, leaving England unknown, found fame in America and now returns to England and Drury Lane to play D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," to the delight of his fellow-countrymen

"Out of the Blue," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

THIS quaint Viennese play, which has been adapted by Michael Orme, might have been more truly entitled Out of the Auditorium, for the play starts with a mistaken date, the curtain rises on a production which won't be ready for twenty-four hours, and the audience in the theatre is waiting to be entertained.

THE suggestion is made from the stage that members of the audience shall fill the breach. A married couple are induced to come forward, who are told to play their own lives, and on another appeal being made the inevitable lover also leaves the auditorium to play the part of tertium quid, and he is the wife's lover in reality!

THIS idea, which surely owes something to Pirandello, is a mad sort of entertainment, which, however, *does* entertain provided one lets reason lie dormant, and the acting of Nigel Playfair, George Merritt, Minnie Blagden, as M.C., husband and wife, and R. Claude Pascoe as the lover make much of it. V. W.



FASHIONS CHANGE AND SO DO FIGURES!

Joan Clarkson, very much 1930, between two of Mr. Cochran's young ladies in costumes which were the dernier cri in 1900

FIXTURES (*continued from page 75*)

which had looked with such fellow-feeling into his own, was to be cheated by Anna or by Feuersinger.

Ulrich had often been cheated himself, and he had done a little cheating when he had to, but he didn't want any more to be done. He wanted the house, this particular house in which he might live, to be a clean bargain.

As he and Anna walked back to the village he said with surprising firmness: "Anna, I don't want that Englishman to be cheated. I should like you to make him a fair offer for the bathroom and the other things, and not leave it to Feuersinger to beat him down to nothing."

Anna stopped dead in the middle of the road and stared at Ulrich with her teeth snapping.

"What maggot have you got in your head about that Englishman?" she demanded when she regained breath enough to speak. "Haven't the English picked you as clean as a dog's bone? What possesses you to wish him to line his pockets with my gold? I've told you more than once that the price I've agreed to includes the fittings! For heaven's sake never let me hear you speak of them again! I've paid far too much for the house as it is. I've a good mind to refuse to sign the contract!" and she prepared to walk on.

Anna disliked walking, but it was a lovely evening, and she had agreed to go on foot because she thought to walk back through the fields with Ulrich alone would be more romantic. And now the big silver moon and the whispering larches turned in her angry mind into the Englishman's boiler and kitchen sink.

She was soon aware that though she had started walking on, Ulrich had not moved. She turned to looked at him.

"Anna," he said quietly, "I shall not marry you unless you pay a fair price for those fixtures."

It was the first time that the blessed word "marriage" had passed his lips.

A FLOOD of natural colour reinforced the paint which stared on Anna's cheeks. She gasped, closed her lips, and hurried through the crowded jungle of her mind. Suppose she did pay for those fixtures? Ulrich didn't know anything about prices. They were good fixtures—she could still get them cheap. Then she would be a Gräfin? She would be a wife! Once more she would have a male property to attack and cling to! Her boys would have a leg up in the world! Her old friends would hate to be cut by her! Wouldn't people call on her who had never called on her before? All Ulrich's grand relations, for instance, who had ignored her persistently! A smile, soft as a pawnbroker's assured of a bargain, touched Anna's scarlet lips.

"What would you call a fair price?" she asked blandly.

"I should like," said Ulrich gravely, "to give the Englishman whatever he asks for the fixtures, because I think he will ask no more than they are worth."

Anna's blandness vanished. "You are mad!" she shrieked. "Why should he have his price? What is this Englishman to you that you protect his interests rather than mine? Do you get a commission on his fixtures?"

"The Englishman is nothing to me," he replied, rousing himself afresh to deal with Anna, "but this thing which I am asking you is something. I wish you to give him an honest price for his property. The English were fair enemies while we fought them, and now they are no longer our enemies. Why should we cheat them because we have not won the war? I did not fight for that!" He stopped abruptly, remembering what he had fought for, and what he had been, before he fought for it.

Anna gazed at him, baffled by his strange emotion, and conscious of a slight, uncanny sense of fear. How could she get out of what he asked of her and yet achieve what she wanted from him at the same time? An instinct warned her that she had reached something in Ulrich which could not be moved. Slowly the boiler and the kitchen sink lost their rigid outlines; they became once more the larches and the delicate moon. Anna capitulated to romance. She gave way about the fixtures.

Phyllis Bottome

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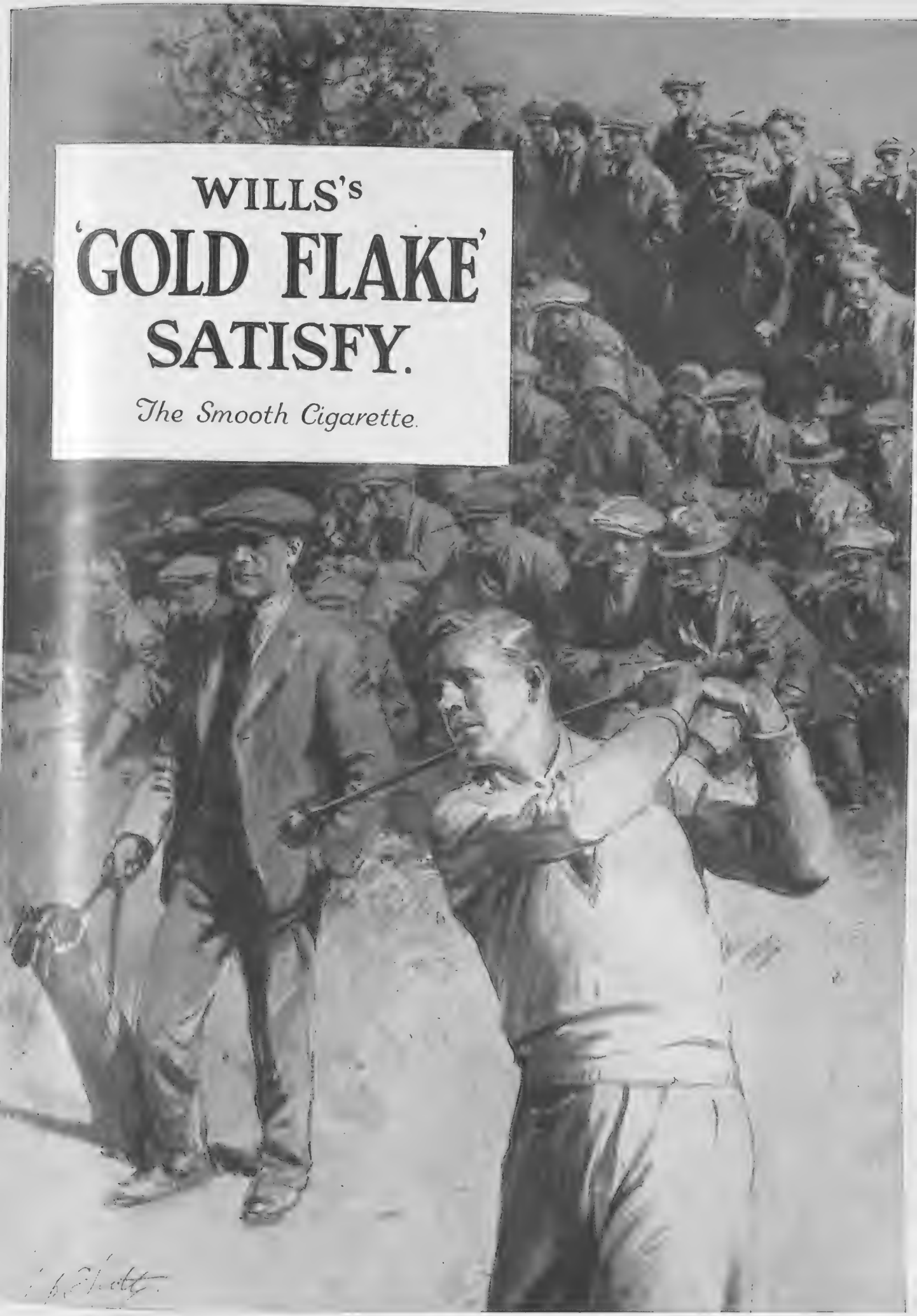
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TRANSPARENT BRIMS CAST FLATTERING SHADOWS

Black crinoline lace, of cobwebby texture, expresses this lovely garden party model from Woollands. Large chenille spots are scattered over its surface, and a loosely tied bow of velvet emphasises the long line of the brim at the back

INDIVIDUAL MODES FOR THE SPRING

By Olive Caley Smith

A charming toque in fine white straw and black Panamalaque, and a shady model with a novel brim. They come from Cecile

According to the Clock

FASHION'S commands are governed by the passage of the hours, and so it was through the door of a grandfather clock that the mannequins made their entrance at the extremely interesting Dress Display given by Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. Above them the hands pointed first of all to ten o'clock, when a group of simple house dresses and morning ensembles was shown. Then they swept round to eleven, and golf suits were donned. Thereafter came motoring coats and luncheon ensembles, while at two o'clock two brides were greeted with delight, the first in a picturesque dress of white faille, her attendants clad in green and yellow, and the second in a slender frock of silver lace, with bridesmaids wearing very long dresses of pink, mauve, and blue. Tennis outfits, boudoirs clothes, and evening gowns arrived in due course, and light was shed on many of the vexed dress problems of the day.

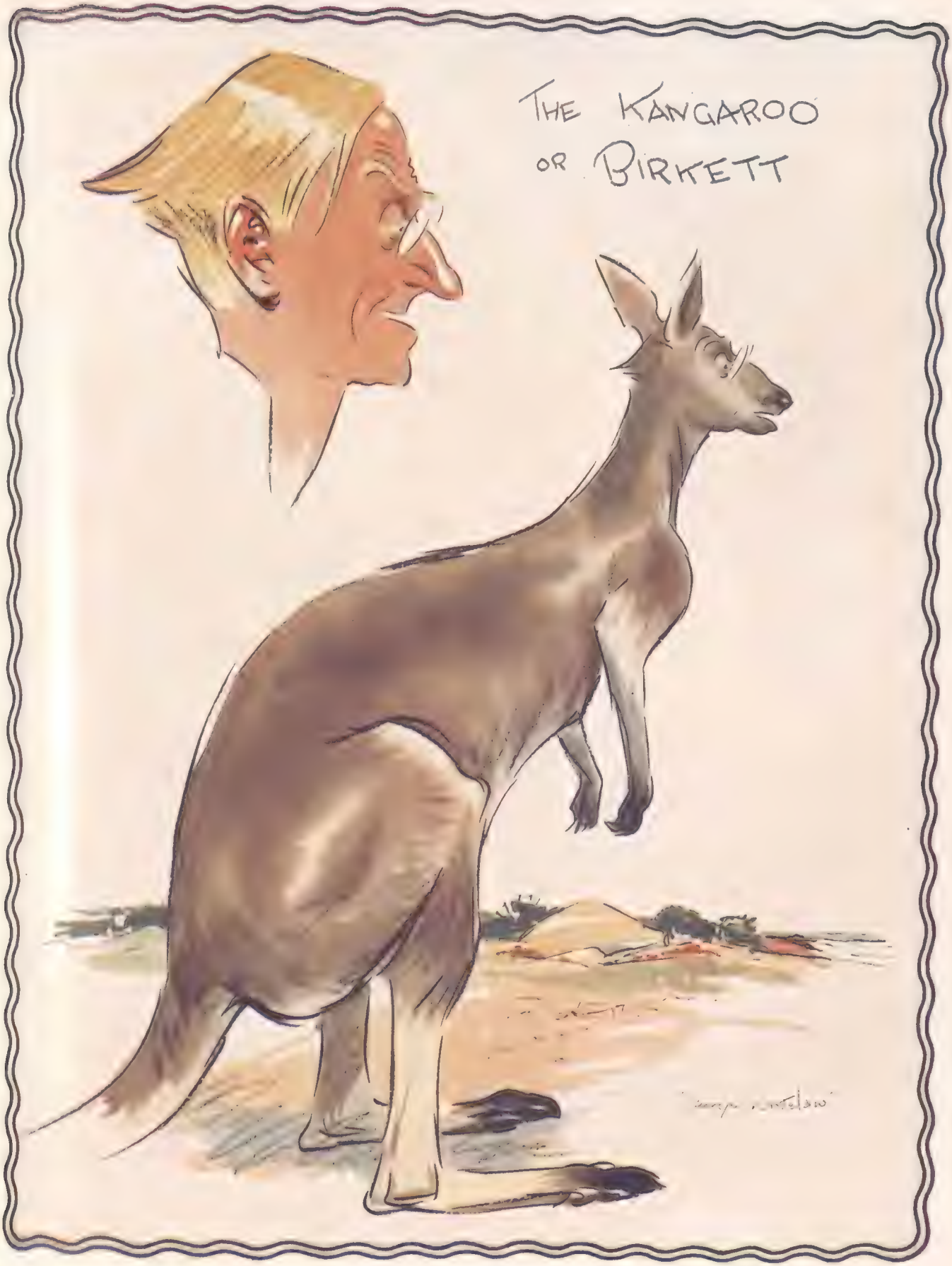
Spring Hats are Demure

BANDEAUX are an important feature of the new Spring hats, softening the line of those that have no brim across the front, and changing the "surprised" look of the Autumn into one of attractive demureness. Sketched at the head of this page are two interesting models from Cecile, of 63, South Molton Street. The first is made of very fine white straw, black Panamalaque being threaded through the crown and arranged in soft folds to give breadth to the sides. A long, narrow bow is placed at the side back, and there is a tiny bandeau of Petersham. Fancy straw in magpie hues is used for the second hat, which has a cleverly folded brim shortened at the back. Each of these models is available for 2½ guineas. Speed hats, specially modelled in felt to suit the wearer, can be made in 1½ hours in these salons for the modest sum of one guinea.

Well-planned Sports Clothes

GREAT controversy is raging around the question of afternoon and evening frocks, but, so far as morning ensembles and country clothes are concerned, Fashion has definitely made up her mind. Tweeds and tweed-like fabrics reign supreme, and, as may be seen from the tweed-knit suit on the right of this page, which comes from Greensmith Downes, of George Street, Edinburgh, they combine beauty of line with perfection of workmanship. The pleated skirt is set into a pointed hip band, and lace-like insets border the neckline and the cuffs, while the price is only £5 10*s.* 6*d.* Their new "Alba" ensemble for the Spring consists of a self-coloured Botany wool jumper with a two-toned border, and a skirt of Scottish-made Botany serge with an inverted pleat at the back and front, the prices being 24*s.* 6*d.* and 47*s.* 6*d.* respectively. Matching cardigans are available for 25*s.* 6*d.*

The crossover lines of this tweed-knit dress from Greensmith Downes are very becoming, and the lace-like insets are a novel and attractive mode of decoration



GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 16

The fact that Mr. William Norman Birkett, the distinguished K.C., is here seen in the guise of a kangaroo must not be taken to mean that he hails from the Antipodes. Indeed, he was born no farther afield than Ulverston, in Lancashire, and in the intervals of his legal work plays a strenuous part in politics

The instinct for the good things of life invariably calls for Craven 'A'

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FLYING NOTES

EASTER IN THE AIR

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The machine being lowered from the boat at Wellington Wharf. Mr. Chichester, who can be seen on the extreme left with his hand to his mouth, had only a few weeks' training before his flight

Photo. this *Topical*

Mr. F. C. Chichester, who flew solo from London to Sydney, superintending the unloading of his aeroplane on board the Sydney boat, S.S. Maunganui, on his arrival at Wellington, New Zealand

To Australia by Taxi

THE fine flight to Australia by two young Air Force officers, H. L. Piper and C. Kay, will rank with the best of the year. Their machine was a Desoutter coupé fitted with a Hermes engine, and is exactly similar to the air taxis operated in this country by National Flying Services. It started from Croydon with 200 lb. more than the normal load, but in spite of this an average speed of 102 miles an hour was maintained. The Hermes being big brother to the Cirrus, this is the third flight to Australia engined by the family.

Those Notices to Airmen

INTERSPERSED with official warnings about night flying without lights there are notices with a distinctly humorous bias and reminders that the latest Air Navigation Order has amended several previous Orders that one has never seen. It goes without saying that every pilot and aircraft owner should be on the Air Ministry's mailing list—the notices are issued free of charge—and I would draw their attention to Number 7 of the year 1930, which says that certain British pilots have been violating the prohibited areas of Italy. The exact details are not known and the pilots' numbers were not taken, but it should be noted that this is a serious matter, and future offenders will be prosecuted. Notice Number 11, issued on March 26, is an example of interference with the rights of the private citizen, but it has its funny side. Permission for flights over Greenland's icy mountains must be obtained in advance from the Danish Government. This is all very annoying, especially as it goes on to state that no supplies of fuel or spare parts are available in Greenland. I wonder how many Easter week-ends will be spoiled through failure to read Notice Number 11.

An Air Easter

THE Easter flight to the Continent by private owners in formation is one of the most interesting events yet arranged. Nothing similar has been organised previously, even in the States. The cruise will occupy eleven days, and includes visits to five or six different countries. Mr. H. N. St. V. Norman, who is the eldest son of Sir Henry Norman, and Mr. Alan Muntz, the directors of Heston Airport, are responsible for the idea, the main objects of which are to give members of the party an opportunity of studying flying conditions and developments in Europe, and at the same time to demonstrate the ease and practicability of touring by air. Captain V. H. Baker, M.C., D.F.C., will be in charge of the party and will lead the formation, with a ground engineer in attendance for inspection of machines and to supervise minor adjustments. Messrs. Norman and Muntz are taking their own machines, and others in the party include Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Junior, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. Downes Shaw, and Mr. "Roddy" Denman, the Curator of the South Kensington Science Museum.

What with the Leicester Club Pageant at Desford Aerodrome on Easter Saturday, straying over the week-end until Tuesday, the 22nd, and the display at Hanworth Park on Easter Monday, private owners will be kept busy dodging to and fro to take part in events and watch the fun. The recent fine weather has been responsible for a great increase in club flying times, and if it lasts till Easter there should be a good crop of "A" licences, which are badly needed in these days of reduced Government subsidies.

All Change for Africa

AN Aero Club has been formed in Egypt under the presidency of Prince Abbas Halim, second cousin of King Fuad. This is a very welcome sign of the times; Egypt occupying a strategic position in the Old World as a natural junction for airways radiating to and from Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa, its Government can assist or hinder the free flow of air traffic as it wishes. As soon as flying members of the Egyptian Aero Club venture abroad on air tours they will realise that the "freedom of the air" in other countries is worth a spot of reciprocity at home. The Aero Club should be able to influence the local Government, in order that the present regulations which require from two to six weeks' notice from private owners visiting or passing through Egypt may be withdrawn. Regular air lines are not affected, of course, but it seems absurd that one can't decide at short notice to take the Moth to Kenya for a bit of shooting

SHOOTING NOTES

Topical

A general view of the International Clay Bird Shooting Championships, recently held at Perivale, Ealing, showing the Scottish team, the ultimate winners, in action. The trophies were presented by Earl Jellicoe, and there were several well-known sportsmen among the entries

GUN-DOG HISTORY

By "Clodhopper"

THAT dogs have been trained for sporting purposes for many centuries past is an undeniable fact. Two varieties of greyhounds were kept by the Egyptians and Assyrians for gazelle coursing, and in Proverbs (Chap. (xxx, v. 31) King Solomon mentions the greyhound as being one of the four things which "go well and are comely in going." A parson friend learned in Egyptology tells me that greyhounds of the modern Saluki type were bred and trained in Egypt long before the erection of the Pyramids, and that the artists of ancient Assyria were fond of depicting desert coursing scenes. We need not journey farther afield than the British Museum to learn that the greyhound, or vertagus, was well known to the Romans, and formed a favourite subject in Greek and Roman art. It is remarkable that, with the exception of its slightly "feathered" ears and tail (like those of the gazelle hound of to-day), the vertagus differed but little in type and general appearance to the Waterloo Cup candidates of modern times.

EVEN as the greyhound can probably claim the longest and purest lineage of all domesticated and sporting members of the great canine race, the spaniel, in its multiplex varieties, could, I think, boast of being the most ancient breed of "birding" dog. As indicated by its title, this handsome and essentially useful gun-dog owes tribute to Spain as its natal country, and centuries before firearms even were introduced into sport "springing" spaniels—in contradistinction to "setting" spaniels—were used by Spanish fowlers and hawkers in hunting and flushing furred and feathered game. From the pages of "Livre de Chasse," written by Gaston Phœbus in 1387, we learn that so far back as the middle of the fourteenth century spaniels were greatly in favour among English and French sportsmen for finding and springing game, especially in connection with falconry. The modern varieties of sporting spaniel are the Clumber, Sussex, English and Welsh Springers, Cocker, Field and English Water Spaniels. The quaint-looking but very sagacious Irish Water Spaniel is, I venture to suggest, more of the retriever type than a true spaniel. He is, however, still classified as a spaniel, although endeavours have recently been made by prominent admirers of the breed to have him renamed "Irish Retriever." All the beforementioned varieties of spaniel make excellent retrieving gun-dogs, and possess to a remarkable degree those most important essentials, intelligence, obedience, docility and fidelity. A steady and thoroughly well-trained spaniel makes about the best general-purpose gun-dog under the sun. A wild and badly broken specimen, on the other hand, is a shooter's curse. The most promising puppy ever whelped can very easily be ruined by bad training and handling.

THE crouching or setting spaniel of the sixteenth century could probaby trace its original ancestry back to the old Spanish pointer and springing spaniel, from which cross, with a judicious infusion of foxhound and other blood, have been gradually evolved the English, Irish and Gordon setters. So far as I can trace, the earliest mention of the setter's—or the setting spaniel's—introduction into England, was made by that sixteenth-century sporting scribe, Dr. Caius, who, in his work on "English Dogges," calls the setting spaniel the "Index."

THE early history of the retrievers can be given when I have more space than at present at my disposal. In the meanwhile I may mention that setters, pointers, retrievers and spaniels of well-known kennels and famous working strains are advertised for sale in the London, Scottish and Irish sporting newspapers and magazines at the present time. Any readers of THE BYSTANDER who may be "casting round" for a gun-dog—or a team of gun-dogs—would be well advised in purchasing a canine friend and servant now rather than waiting until just before the opening of next season, when for dogs, good, bad and indifferent, absurdly inflated prices will be asked—and only too often given. Those who require either a trained gun-dog or a puppy of good *working* strain (a most important essential in a youngster) should obtain the same from a reliable kennel or from a gamekeeper of long experience in training and handling. Personally, I have been exceptionally fortunate in my dealings with Yorkshire and Scottish keepers and trainers with regard to retrievers and spaniels.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

ANOTHER POINT FOR HEDGEHOGS

WHEN a list is given of creatures inimical to game, and of no particular use in the scheme of Nature, it seldom contains any mention of the hedgehog; yet I have a vivid recollection of a story wherein the narrator found one of these porcupines devouring the contents of the final of a series of four partridge nests which he had jealously watched right up to the day of disaster. They were on the very verge of hatching. Tragedy followed upon tragedy, for he took a running kick at the greedy beast and was laid up for several weeks on account of a toe poisoned by a penetrating quill. They are more numerous than most people would be ready to believe, a fact that was once brought to my notice by a retriever which had the remarkable habit of coming to a dead point whenever it got wind of one of these nocturnal wanderers. At the word of command it hoiked the sulky mass of bristles out of its lair, the keeper's stick then doing the needful. No better way could be imagined of keeping such vermin within bounds. Train your dog to the art and industriously walk the lee side of fences. Traps catch many, but judging by what this talented dog accomplished in an afternoon, be it remembered on a shoot where he was never idle, the efforts of mechanism can be usefully supplemented. More's the pity that all vermin do not curl up into a ball when disturbed.

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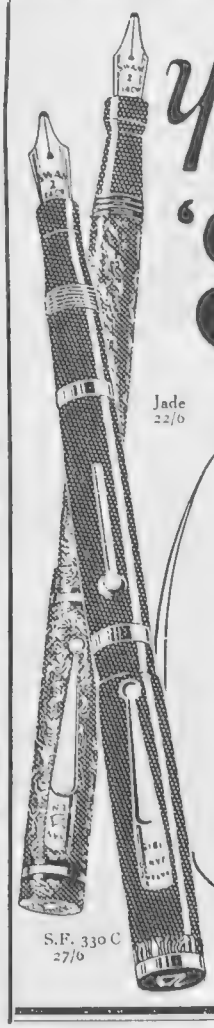

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She travels a lot—she is always fresh and neat—she wears her clothes well and knows how to look after them . . . . she packs a Migrator. In the Migrator you fold dresses but *once*—over a plush covered removable rod—and they unpack with never a crease or a wrinkle. Its capacity is amazing, for example:—

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Migrator

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From all leading trunk stores from 54/-.

MODERN TABLE GLASS WARE

ART AND MODERNITY EXEMPLIFIED

FROM very early days English glass-making has made history, and many of the most valuable collectors' pieces have been the product of English brains, English artistry and English industry.

A NAME always closely associated with all that is beautiful in glassware is the firm of Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, Dennis Glass Works, of Stourbridge, which for over a century has maintained a world-wide reputation for producing all that is best and original in crystal table ware.

THE old wages books of the firm reveal the names of many of the greatest artist designers, engravers and decorators in the industry, and it has been said that if these were eligible for admission to the Royal Academy their work would be acclaimed throughout the world. Those possessors are indeed fortunate who hold pieces of Webb's crystal signed by master decorators of a past generation—W. Fritchie, T. Feraday, or George Woodall, for such pieces are priceless and impossible of repetition. Messrs. Fritchie and Woodall are now dead, and Mr. Feraday has retired from active work. Dennis Glass Works is one of the very few remaining homes of the most skilful hand workers where master craftsmen still continue to design those beautiful pieces which are a delight to the eye.

IT is not surprising, therefore, that Thomas Webb's crystal still claims a distinguished clientele. Many thousands, not only in England, but throughout the world, have a lively appreciation of its beauty of form, its elegance of decoration, combined with a toughness and elasticity which have set Webb's crystal in a class apart from all others.

All the crystal glass illustrated on the accompanying pages are pieces of the Imperial Suite made by Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, of Stourbridge, which comprises over thirty pieces in all. Illustrated above are a lamp, cocktail glass and cocktail shaker

The water jug and set of tumblers, one of which is seen above, make an artistic and inexpensive gift which will serve a number of useful purposes

Beauty and grace are blended in the wine decanter and assortment of glasses seen above. They lend a touch of charm distinctive to any dinner table

ALTHOUGH the old traditions still prevail at these works, yet the secret of the present-day success rests in the adaptation of ancient methods to the

BEAUTY OF WORKMANSHIP AND DESIGN

ideas of to-day. Every new device invented to lower costs of production is at once installed in order to bring Webb's crystal glass within the means of every household as long as it does not interfere with the essential characteristics of hand-made crystal tableware, which is truly one of the greatest arts of all time. It is this wedding of the ancient with the modern which allows this famous old firm to retain the premier position in manufacturing table glass of the finest quality at competitive prices not only in the home market but for export to all parts of the world.

LARGE public bodies, such as the War Office and Admiralty, Railway and Shipping Companies, have always contracts in course of completion for this world-famous crystal, and it is a point of pride with this house not only to keep in touch with the demand for new shapes, styles, and designs, but to create original suites of glass which retain for Thomas Webb their position in the industry.

AMONGST the beautiful pieces which the writer lately saw in various stages of progress were a set of vases by Messrs. Palme and Pope illustrating famous historical scenes. Amongst these were Napoleon on board the Bellerophon; the sailing of the Mayflower; the landing of Columbus, and Shakespeare in Ann Hathaway's cottage, which can only be described as magnificently carved pictures in crystal.

A finger is kept on the pulse of fashion, and as to-day sees a demand in many quarters for a return to coloured tableware, Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons are meeting this demand with what is known as "cased crystal."

Three more exquisite examples of the pieces included in the Imperial Suite. The great variety of design is one of the most striking features of this glassware

HERE the white crystal has an outer casing of coloured glass. The designs are cut through the coloured casing to expose the white crystal beneath, and the result is an attractive colour combination recalling the fashion of the cameo glass of a past decade. The cased tumbler vases now being made offer a range of colours which embrace blue, green, amber, citron, amethyst, and ruby. It is certain that many of the very attractive pieces of Webb's crystal glass which are to-day for sale will in time become of the same priceless value that the famous pieces of old have now attained.

The illustrations on these pages, with descriptions beneath, will give some idea of the range and beauty of the work coming from Webb's Crystal Glass Co. to-day

Originality is the keynote of the distinctive centre flower vase seen above. The design is admirably suited to ensure an opportunity to display flowers to their best advantage

Three more highly pleasing pieces from the Imperial Suite. They comprise a biscuit barrel, a celery vase and a fruit or salad bowl

Four striking specimens of modern glassware. Above are seen a cream jug, sugar basin, honey pot and sweet dish

Three further shapes in flower vases. Choice is offered in bowls and vases in sizes ranging from 6in. to 12in. in height

MOTOR NOTES

WHERE TRIPLEX GLASS IS MADE

A bird's-eye view of the extensive and up-to-date works of the Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd. They are situated on the outskirts of Birmingham

ON CHOOSING YOUR CAR

By E. M. Wright

UNDER the quickening influence of early spring many are not merely debating whether to buy a car, but are actually on the point of doing so. They hesitate, however, before coming to a definite decision for fear that their choice will prove a bad one. How many, indeed, begin to revile their cars before they are even run in? Yet, generally speaking, it is not the cars which are at fault so much as their owners. Every car on the market is worth its price—to the man who wants what that particular make or model provides. The problem in choosing a car is not that of distinguishing good ones from bad, but of anticipating one's own special requirements and of finding a car which will satisfy those requirements.

***

SURROUNDED by gleaming brand-new models, it is all too easy to give way to a passing wave of enthusiasm. The intending purchaser should rather adopt an attitude almost of cynical despair. What looks so absolutely right in a West End showroom may prove absolutely wrong in one's own garage. Pleasing lines and attractive colour schemes—the clichés of motor car sales talk—will not compensate for an uncomfortable driving position or the absence of leg room in the rear compartment.

***

PRICE is, of course, the deciding factor. Yet it is a great mistake to bind oneself down to an absolutely definite figure. As little as £10 more may mean all the difference between a car which will never be more than a make-shift and one which might almost have been made to order. Within whatever price limits he has fixed, the buyer, too, should know very definitely what he expects to get for his money. In so many cases he merely wants "a" car, which is rather like asking at a railway booking-office for "a" ticket. Such vagueness not only involves much waste of time, but is also a fruitful cause of dissatisfaction afterwards. If the buyer does not know very definitely what he wants, he is extremely liable in the end to decide on something which a little forethought would have shown him he definitely does *not* want.

***

IT is frequently suggested that before buying a car a list should be made of the features that car should possess. This is a counsel of perfection. But everyone should have a clear mental picture of the car he would like to have. It is, of course, an easy enough matter to decide whether one wants a saloon or an open tourer, a four-seater or a two-seater, a sporting model or a sedate "family" type of vehicle. It is not enough, however, merely to rough in the bare outline; detail has to be added before the picture is complete; and it is in questions of detail that the real difficulty lies.

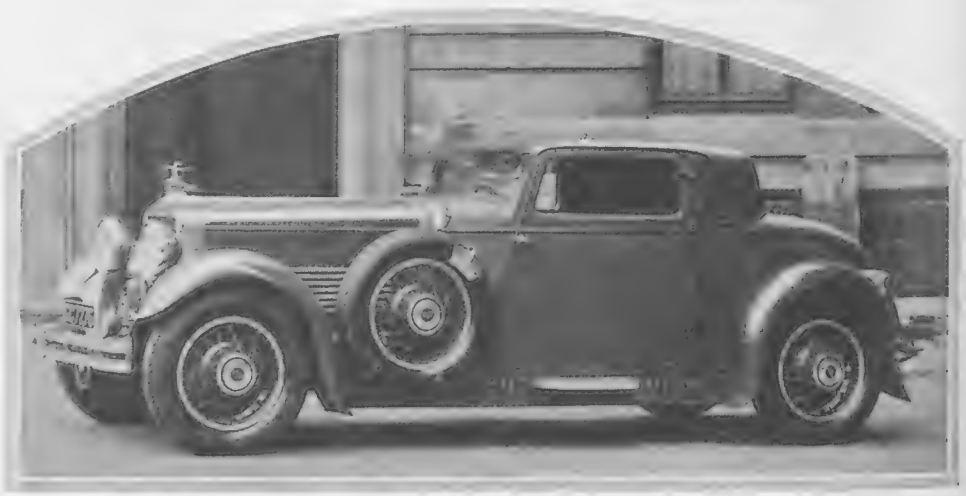
***

ONE may have a very clear idea of what the perfect car ought to be, but, alas! the perfect car does not exist. Like human beings, each has its good and its bad points. Even the best is a compromise. Then, too, different features are stressed on different makes. One car may, for its price, have superlative bodywork, but an engine which is only so-so. On another model the position may be completely reversed. As I have so often remarked, you get what you pay for. Extra value in one direction will be compensated by less in another. The canny buyer, therefore, goes for the car which gives good value in those directions in which he personally wants it. Carnera, for instance, scoured London in search of a car with sufficient leg room to enable him to drive in comfort. A car which would satisfy him in this one particular would be well worth its price *to him*, even though it suffered from many shortcomings in other directions. Everyone makes some compromise between actual reality and the ideal. But from the very fact that a compromise of some sort is necessary, it is essential that everyone before buying a car should have clearly before his mind those points which he regards as of first-class importance.

Another Speed Limit

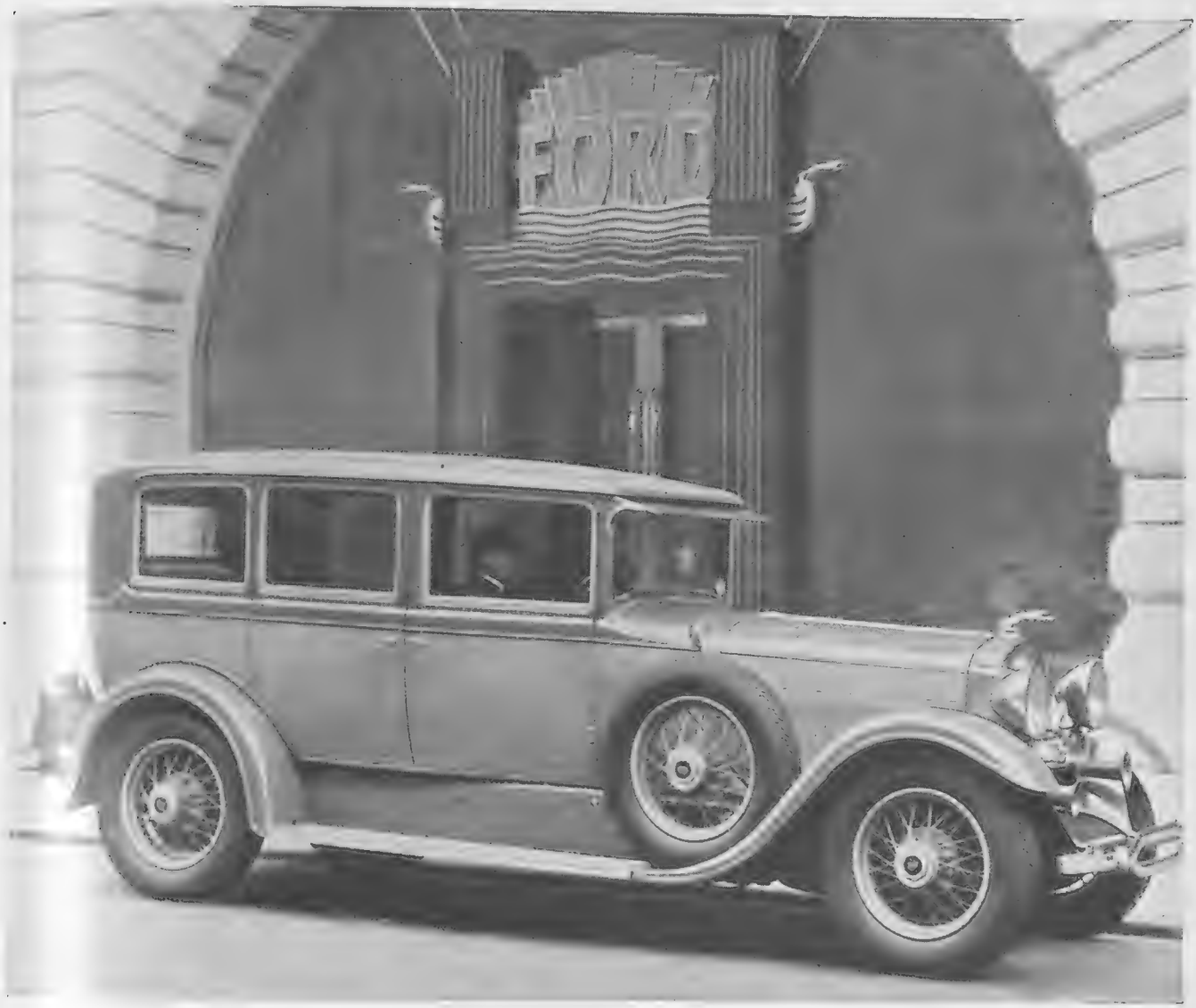
THE ubiquity of the reporter and his keenness of hearing must be a sore trial to coroners. "Every day a

(Continued on page viii)



The special Coupé Stutz chassis as supplied to Mr. Robin McAlpine. The chassis is a 37 h.p. supercharged Stutz, Bear-Cat, M series. The coachwork is a Brainsby Woolard special coupé

THE DELIGHT WHICH QUALITY PRODUCES



To be sure that no limit has been placed to the painstaking care of its making, and to know that each possibility for its improvement is constantly studied—such knowledge brings to purchasers of Lincoln cars an assurance that their taste will be truly satisfied.

Then, when ownership reveals that Lincoln's luxury, superb performance and vitality continue year after year, the delight inspired by such quality is fulfilled. It should be remembered that the Lincoln is owned and used throughout the world by a clientele who are used to the enjoyment of earth's treasured things.

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THE LINCOLN

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

dictum" would seem to be the motto of these harassed officials, and every day the reporters gather in another gem of wisdom from the coroners' courts. Shown in the cold and merciless black and white of the printed page, how blatantly fatuous they sound! Take the case of a West London coroner the other day. Referring to that prolific subject of controversy, the causes of accidents, in one delicious sentence he sweeps away all the years of painstaking inquiry by police and Safety-First bodies, and takes us back to the days of Queen Victoria. "I am sure," he says, "that 15 miles per hour ought to be the speed limit, and I say that because in the days of horse traffic hansom cabs, then the fastest vehicles, were the cause of most accidents."

***

IN the hush of the court, with grim tragedy in attendance, there may be no harm in this kind of outburst. It may even come as balm to the worried souls gathered there, like comic relief in tragedy on the stage or the screen; and there is always an appeal, too, in unconscious humour. But coroners ought to realise—perhaps they do—that these extra-judicial expressions of personal opinion get publicity, if only as fill-ups in the curio corner; and later they are dug up and used as ammunition by some ill-disposed crank or obstructionist, who only wants to put a spoke in the wheel of progress; and there they do real harm.

A Barker Enclosed Limousine on a 35-120 h.p. Daimler chassis fitted with a new device for sliding roofs. In addition, it has a special arrangement whereby there is a dropping division window, also with a sliding roof, thus adequately protecting the occupants of the rear seat where the car is opened. It is seen outside the gates of Fettes, the famous Scottish Public School near Edinburgh

***

MY recent article entitled "This Paradise for Thieves"—meaning car thieves—was inspired by the case of a particular car theft of which I had just heard, where the Metropolitan Police, when it was reported to them, merely smiled helplessly at the owner's story. I should hate to think that this represents their official attitude. Indeed, I am certain it does not. But there was a sequel to the incident which shows how futile the police can be in a case like this. Some two days later the owner was looking for another car to replace this one in case it was not recovered. He happened to mention the theft to a salesman in one large concern, and was asked to describe the car, which he did. Then he was told that that identical vehicle had been offered to the salesman that morning. It was apparently being hawked round the big dealers by a blasé gentleman, who wanted £700 for it; the salesman was only authorised to offer £600, at which figure he could have secured it and offered it to its owner! That is to say, for two whole days the car, with no disguise in number or colour, had apparently been doing the rounds of the West End without let or hindrance from the authorities.

***

IN the reports of Inspectors of Constabulary issued as a White Paper some weeks ago there appeared the first official recognition that failure to detect crime "may be due to the police being so much engaged on motor traffic duties"—including, of course, the trapping and other persecution of motorists for purely technical offences.

E. M. W.

THE CAR THAT'S SET ALL THE WORLD TALKING ★

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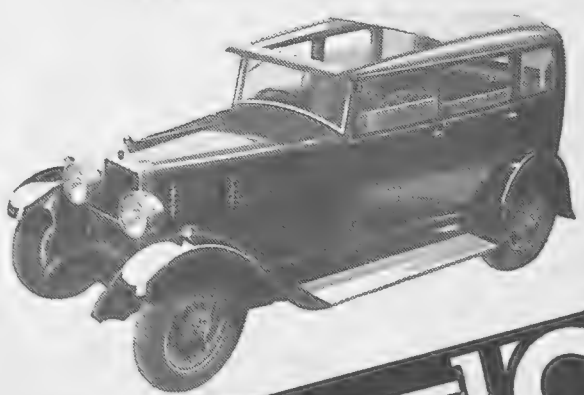
AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend. There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "Nine" and the 2-Litre 6-Cylinder—each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!



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DOGS

FINANCE & THE KENNEL CLUB

By "THE KENNELMAN"

FOR to-morrow (Thursday) the luck's with the Dog-lovers of London and its neighbourhood—(did you know that London alone pays for more than a quarter of a million Dog licences?)—for Kensington opens its big annual Dog Show at the Crystal Palace bright and early on the 10th, and since the War this has come to rank high among the most important of such tamashas. The Royal Borough itself houses many of the finest specimens in a number of breeds, and its annual Show attracts notables, canine and human, from many another quarter; a big spectacle, and worth the cutting out of any ordinary engagement.

WESTMINSTER might with advantage pick up a wrinkle or two from the parliamentary headquarters of British dogdom, 84, Piccadilly. Like the biped's Government, the Kennel Club must derive its revenues—essential for all sorts of beneficent doggy works as well as administration—from taxation. But its organisation is skilled, and it believes in stimulating rather than hampering the productive activities of the community it governs. Accordingly, it has reduced its fees since 1924 by no less than some thirty-two thousand pounds, in the conscientious and successful determination "to charge the public the lowest possible amount compatible with efficient service." The results have been such as generally reward wise and courageous enterprise—all-round benefit, growth and prosperity. It now costs only half a crown to have your pedigree Dog registered, as every good Dog should be, in the archives of the K.C., and one is glad to know that they're being registered all the time at the rate of well over a thousand a week. How about yours?

BY the same token, the place to find record of these and hundreds of even more interesting matters is what the fanciers call "the Dogman's bible," that is the Kennel Club Stud Book, the 1930 issue of which (Vol. 57) is just out. Here you have the real thing; just on nine hundred pages, and a pukka encyclopædia of dogdom; a real Enquire Within Upon Everything to do with British Dogs in all their eighty breeds. And all extraordinarily well edited and arranged, too; a vade mecum without tears, this, in which sound indexing and up-to-date headline arrangement combine to yield any information you happen to want, straight from the kennel, so to say, and without any tedious tracking down.

AS a work of reference, it's something no Dog-owner's shelves should be without. The lists of Dog clubs and societies and their secretaries are invaluable, for through them you know where to get news of the established breeders in every county. It would be hard to think of a doggy question this fifty-seventh volume doesn't answer.

Society and Sports Press

Pyrenees Sheep Dogs which have been introduced to the English Show benches by Sir T. Cato Worsfold. They resemble our St. Bernard dogs, but are not so large and their heads are more like those of collie dogs in shape. In their own country they are used for sheep work and guarding

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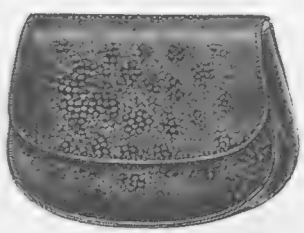

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Shrimp Cocktails

PUT into the bottom of a rather large wineglass a good dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce in which a few drops of Tabasco pepper sauce have been already added.

Fricassée de Homard

MINCE the flesh of two medium-sized lobsters. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a saucepan and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Allow this to cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a squeeze of lemon-juice and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Heat up, but do not allow to boil. Serve with brown bread and butter.

Kettner's Restaurant

MENU

Les Hors-d'Œuvre
Saumon Fumé
Grape Fruit Cocktail

Consommé Royale
Crème Ambassadeurs

Filet de Sole Marguery
Turbot Grillé au Beurre d'Anchois
Whitebait au Paprika

Raviolis au Jus

Suprême de Volaille Rio Rita
Noisette d'Agneau Victoria
Jambon d'York au Madère
Pommes Parisienne
Haricots Verts au Beurre
Salade

Biscuit Glacé Belle Aurore
Crème au Caramel
Glace à l'Orange
Friandises

3 April 1930
The Theatre Dinner 8/6 is served from 6.30 to 8

The menu of a delightful optional 8s. 6d. Theatre Supper served at Kettner's Restaurant, in Church Street. This popular resort is celebrated for its excellent cooking and perfect service

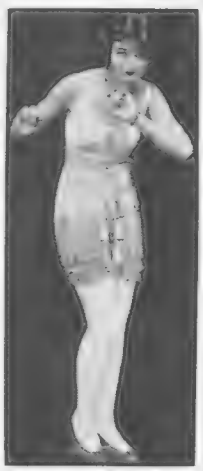
Roast Guinea-fowl

TAKE a guinea-fowl, lard it well, roast carefully and baste plentifully, as it is by nature a very dry bird; dish up garnished with watercress and serve with espagnole sauce, made as follows:—Fry together 1½ oz. of butter and the same of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually half a pint of brown stock, boil all together for fifteen minutes, strain it, add a wineglassful of sherry, boil it up, and serve in a sauce-boat.

Croûtes aux Champignons

MINCE ten large mushrooms fine, add pepper, salt, half a cupful of gravy flavoured with a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce. Stew the mushrooms in this till cooked, then pile them on some small rounds of fried bread. Sprinkle over them a little grated cheese, and put them under the gas broiler until slightly browned. Serve very hot.

Charm & Grace



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In the van is Wright's Coal Tar Soap — product of research—the matchless emollient and antiseptic, promoting perfect skin-health, giving no reprieve to disease germs.

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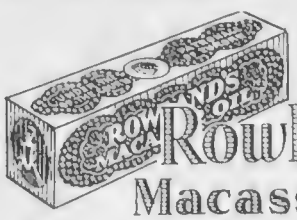

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Cadbury Chocolates

Owing to a slight lapse in memory on the part of our representative who was at Moor Park Golf Club when THE BYSTANDER Golf Trophy was played for the other day, it was stated that each competitor was presented with a box of Messrs. Cadbury's Duchess Chocolates, but it should have said Cadbury's Princess Elizabeth Chocolates, the very famous chocolates which, in pound boxes, are made up in a long box with the monogram of the little Princess Elizabeth in shades of light blue with a Cambridge bow. Messrs. Cadbury do not produce a Duchess chocolate (although they may yet do so—there is no knowing), but their Princess Elizabeth chocolates are, of course, world famous.

For Shaving

The Allegro automatic honing and stropping machine, which can be bought at all stores, cutlers, druggists, etc., performs perfectly all what is claimed for it. A few moments employed with the machine after shaving every morning keeps safety razor blades in the most perfect condition. These blades need not now be discarded after a short time, but can be used again and again, so that the cost of the machine, which is 15*s.* 6*d.*, is constantly repaying itself.

Oxo Cabaret

About 1,000 members of the London staffs of Oxo, Ltd., with their friends, made merry at the cabaret entertainment provided by the Oxo Sports Club at the Wharncliffe Rooms on Saturday, April 5. A dance and variety show added to the gaiety of the evening, and the revel continued until midnight. Rich and Galvin, eccentric dancers and singers; Edith Price, vocal and dancing act; the "Posh" Pair, dainty dancers, were all enthusiastically applauded, while the wonderful team work of the Marsh-mallow Girls, with Gordon Marsh, was a feature of the evening, and Lloyd-Shakespeare's Band provided excellent dance music.

A SIGN OF THE SEASON

An example of the delightful eggs and novelties which are offered for Easter presentation by Rowntree's of York. As is well known this celebrated firm has always made a speciality of Easter presents, and their reputation for quality and up-to-date designs is fully maintained by this year's selection

Cheap Travel in Italy

The Italian Travel Bureau (16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London) announces a large series of reductions in fares on the Italian State Railways in connection with the spring festivities. There will be a 50 per cent. reduction on tickets to Sicily until June 15, and special motor tours have been fixed at very moderate prices. From now until April 31 there is a 30 per cent. reduction on the motor Pullman road service between Florence and Rome. This runs via Tuscany and Umbria, and includes such interesting and picturesque hill towns as Siena, Orvieto, Viterbos, and Perugia. For the second International Motor Boat Races, to be held from September 17-21, on the Lido at Venice, tickets will be issued at a 50 per cent. reduction. Tripoli, a place that is rapidly coming to the fore as a popular winter and spring resort, can be visited for the International Sample Fair at a 50 per cent. reduction also. In addition, cheap tickets will be issued during the summer season in the Dolomite regions to seaside resorts and to Lake Garda. For further details and for the prices of tickets to Milan, Rome, Perugia, Sardinia, Faenza, Varese, and Siena readers should apply to the Bureau.

Austin Reed's New Enterprise

Last week saw the opening of Austin Reed's new Tropical Department extension, whereby this celebrated firm will take its place as the largest individual man's store in the British Empire. The Red Lacquer Room is an elaborate development of the original Tropical Department. Its artistic magnificence is the result of an effort to produce a shop for travellers worthy of its national and international situation. The decorative scheme, which captures so much of the charm of an Eastern setting, is an expression of a long-established Austin Reed principle, namely, to give men every opportunity to buy their clothes in appropriate and pleasant surroundings. Mr. Austin Reed has commissioned Mr. Fred Taylor, R.I., who recently completed a scheme of mural decoration for Lloyd's, to paint a series of scenes from various tropical parts of our Empire. And very artistic is the effect. Their aviation department, too, is yet another step in the progress of a firm which now supplies every want of every traveller. Those who are about to journey to the Tropics cannot do better than visit this well-known house of attire, for there they will not only receive perfect service but will also be given any information they may require.

Wildbad — *in the Black Forest*

Germany—1400 to 2500 feet above sea-level.

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Excellent Trout Fishing.

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

COUPON AND RULES (*See page 55*)

Cut out along here

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.
COUPON No. 2.

I IDENTIFY

9 As .....
10 As .....
11 As .....
12 As .....
13 As .....
14 As .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

April 9

Cut out along here

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 55 write your solutions in ink on the form provided in the next column.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

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- ASK FIRST FOR HOME PRODUCE
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W1

"Colour Makyth the Home"
No. 5.

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Dappled grey is the traditional colour in the rocking-horse world. Nor is the nursery the only room where grey is indispensable. He is an extraordinarily peaceful and helpful colour, bringing other colours into harmony and blending them into the general scheme.

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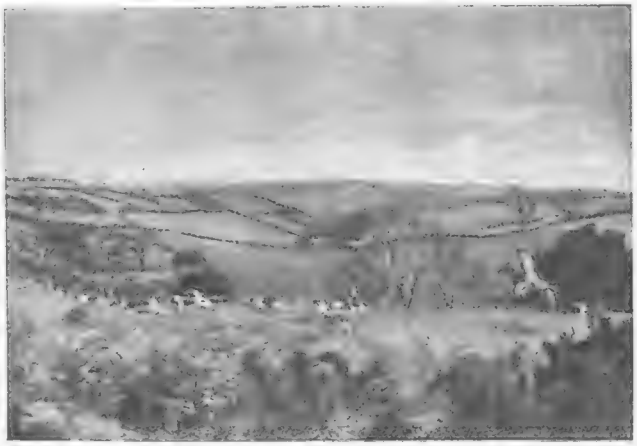

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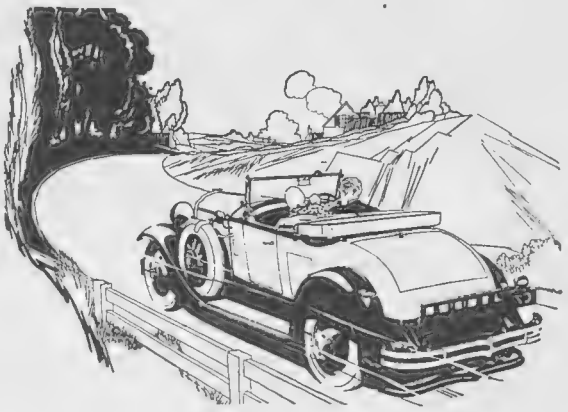

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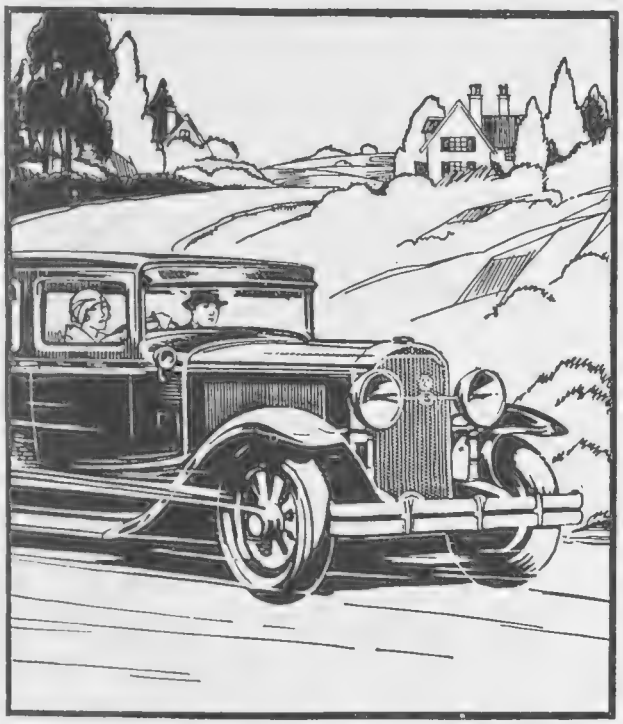

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